

Pax in Crumena: OR, THE TROOPER TURN'D POET.

CONTAINING,

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L O N D O N.

Printed for the Author, *Thomas Ranas*, of the late Lieutenant General *Wood's* Regiment of Horse, and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1713.

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OF THE
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T H E

Epistle Dedicatory.

To all my Fellow-Soldiers that have
served Her Majesty Abroad.

Gentlemen,

YOU that have been harrafs'd, and fatigued Abroad, and have been the Nation's Bullwark, and in Battle have terrify'd and vanquish'd all that durst Oppose you, and are at last become Happy in enjoying a Peace; long may it flourish, and may each of you have the same Esteem in Peace as in War, and all the Respect due to your Characters.

I acknowledge, I bear an Eternal Veneration for all that have served their Queen and Country, which is the only reason that induced me to beg your Favour and Protection for these my poor and unworthy Labours, which I here offer as a small Tribute, they being the First Fruits, and humble Growth

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of my Little Garden, and lay them at your Feet, believing it will be pay'd with the utmost Gratitude of you; if you Smile on 'em, and skreen them under your Protection, your Swords will be sufficient to defend them against all those that are Enemies to Mirth and good Humour, and I, as in Conscience bound, shall always own my self highly Obligated to you for the same, and acknowledge my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most Humble Servant,

And Fellow-Soldier,

Thomas Rands.

T H E

T H E

P R E F A C E.

HOW acceptable this Piece of Work may be to the World, I can no more tell than Doctor Trotter's Godmother can guess at the Number of Cuckolds within the Bills of Mortality: Nevertheless, I am as willing to be seen in Print as ever was the Author of Tom Thumb in Folio, yet I dare be bold to say, if the greatest Judge of Poetry, throughout the vast Empire of Morocco, was to Read it, I do verily believe he could hardly give his Judgment of my fancy, because why, it was Wrote in a Country where People drink Wine if they have but D' argent pour Payer; for I can assure you, that the Inhabitants of that Country, I mean Flanders, fancy Money with as much eagerness as a Girl of Thirteen does Chalk or Tobacco-Pipes.

I don't Question but the Reader will find ten thousand Faults in it, and if he does I have as many Excuses; for every School-Boy can tell you, that Poeta nascitur non fit; and I my self can affirm, that when I have thought I've been possess'd of a noble flight of Fancy, then immediately the Corporal has disturb'd me with, Mount Grand-Guard, &c. Often times, when I have been Grasping my Horse, and wanting other Diversion, I have lug'd out my Pen and began to Scribble, but all of a sudden, hearing a Rumour of a Partizan, or French Hussars, all my Poetical Notions were immediately banished out of the Kingdom

The Preface.

Kingdom of my Whimsical Noddle, and I have thought of nothing more than securing my Horse from the Enemy, and my Body from the Dominions of Capt. Fury. At other times, Water has been more plentiful in Camp than either Wine or Brandy, and at such times I have had no more fancy to Poetry than a Sober Man has to go to Bed to his Intoxicated Wife.

Once, I remember, I had a thought of Writing something in the Praise of Alexander the Great, and then the Battle of Oudenard frighted me. Certainly the Capacious Heads of Ovid, Homer, or Virgil never suffered like mine; nay, even Jeffery Chaucer's, for I found it to be impossible for me to keep to any particular Subject long, unless it were making of Sonnets in the Praise of Bacchus, and that so confusedly too, as if I had been in Love with my Landlady's Daughter. What with the roaring of Cannons, and yet a more greater Noise of Suttlers buzzing my Debts in my Ears, I found a great deal of Trouble to Write what I have; such as it is the Reader is welcome to.

If this be acceptable to the World, it's ten to one but I may have as good an Appetite to write again, as a Widow has to alter her Condition. Who knows what good Luck I may meet withall: I am not over Covetous, I desire to gain no more than the Approbation of the Reader, which will enable me to make a Flourish in Monmouth-Street, with a Hog in my Pocket to pay Beveridge for a New Second-Hand-Suit, a Long-Wig, and a Tilter, and then I may pass for a Vinegar-Yard Beau, or at least for a Thorough-pac'd Poet.

Since there is no more work for Red-Coats Abroad, I have thought fit to metamorphise my Sword into a Pen, my Horse and Accoutrements into Paper, and having left all my Money in Flanders, I am now under a certain Obligation of exposing this Miscellany to publick View,

The Preface.

View, for fear, lest those who formerly have been my Acquaintance should think, when they see me, that I am under a Vow of Poverty.

I hope the Reader will be pleas'd to take Notice, that he will find in this Book several Words of my own Coining, and others which go under the Denomination of Bam: As for the former sort, Presidents may be produced from several Authors who have wrote upon such sort of Subjects, and the Sense of the latter may be found out by what is preceeding or subsequent.

I am asham'd to dwell so long upon a Preface; let it suffice, that I buoy my self up with Hopes that the Reader will be satisfy'd with some part of this Work, it being a Miscellany. The reason I have placed an Argument to some parts of it, is, because it was wrote in a Foreign Country, and upon such Subjects as requires it, to render them more intelligible to such as have not been Abroad.

Courteous Reader,

If there is any thing in this Work that pleases you, then the Stationer and Printer will be pleas'd, which will highly please

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Rands.

T H E

The AUTHOR's Excuse to the READER.

Perhaps you'll say the Times are dull,
When Rhimes do flow from *Trooper's* Scull;
Or some young Flash may think that he
Had *nix* to spend in Company:
Others may say this *Trooper* Writ,
Because he wou'd be term'd a Wit;
Others will more gently say,
He Writ to pass dull Time away.

I never do observe the Times,
If they be dull, they're like my Rhimes;
Perhaps they'll Mend, but untill then
My best of Friends will be my Pen.
I term'd a Wit, that cannot be;
If you have some, there's less in me.

It's true, I've Writ, but by and by
I'll let you know the Reason why;
Where Guns and Swords did People fright,
At *Mall Placby*, in bloody Fight,
I saw a Man, with Whiskers large,
Who Spur'd tow'rds me i'th' second Charge,
Presenting Pistol at my Boot,
Which bor'd a Concave in my Foot;
I can't divine that Heroes Name,
But this I know, he made me Lame,
Which Metamorphiz'd me at once,
From drinking Wine, to be a Dunce;
So that I was oblig'd in Rhime
To Write, and pass away my Time.

THE

THE
TROOPER
TURN'D
POET, &c.

The POET's Voyage to Amsterdam.

Being weary of Eating good *Beef* and *Plumb*
[*Pudding,*
And Fancy grown dull with over much
[*Studying,*

I resolv'd on a Voyage to quicken my Fancy,
And leave the blest d Island that's Govern'd by *Nancy*.
In order to which, I arriv'd at *Harwich*,
By the help of a Coach, the best of Land-Carriage;
And, because I was Poor, the Coach-Man was willing
To carry both me and my Trunk for a Shilling.
My Trunk was not, large and if you must know it,
Nor Crowded with Gold, 'cause I was a Poet;
But fill'd with Old Linnen, and Breeches of Leather,
With a great many Songs I had scrap'd up together;

B

Some

Some Stockings I had, but those very tatter'd;
 An Old Pair of Shoes exceedingly shatter'd:
 Now this was the Cargo my Trunk did contain:
 But now let me tell you what cover'd my Brain;
 It was an Old Hat, and much out of Fashion,
 But appear'd somewhat New by the help of Trans-
 [lation:

Had you seen but my Wig, you'd have thought me a
 [Monster,

But how I came by it I'm sure you can't Construe;
 I'm ashamed to reveal; but yet you shall know it,
 Miss *Catch*'s good Father on me did bestow-it;
 And I, in return, did make him some Rhimes
 In Praise of his Office, to Banter the Times:
 But now let me speak of my Coat and its Fashion,
 Which unto the *Romans* might bear some Relation;
 For, to tell you the Truth, I am apt to believe,
 By the Length of the Skirts, and Mode of the Sleeve,
 The Button-Holes small, Loops Sew'd on betwixt,
 It was Made in the Reign of King *Harry* the Sixth;
 My Breeches were Old, and very much worn,
 The Lining and Seams both ragged and torn,
 The Pockets were made of Old Rotten Leather,
 That I never could keep any Money together;
 For so long as I Wore 'em, as I am a Sinner,
 I seldom had any to Purchase a Dinner.

Arriving at *Harwich*, I made my Abode
 At a spacious fine Tavern that fronted the Road;
 Where I made my self known to a Man of some Figure,
 With a Wig less than mine, but a Belly much bigger;
 I

I told who I was, and what I did follow;
 And that I was one of the Sons of *Apollo* :
 Of *Ovid* and *Virgi*l, I made an Oration;
 Of *Dryden* and *Cowley*, an ample Narration,
 And other great Wits that were born in our Nation,
 'Till Angry he grew, then swell'd up his Belly,
 And broke forth his Speech with, *My Friend, let me*
 [tell ye,

I ne'er was acquainted with any such Fellows
But those whom I know are the Gods of the Billows:
 Then swelling again, and his Arms set on Kimbow,
What thinks thee (quoth he) *of Russel and Bembow,*
Shovel and Leake, bold Men, and brave Sailors?
Thou tellest me of none but of Poets and Taylors,
Hunted by Burns, and afraid of the Goalers.

Noble Captain, (said I) I beg your Excuse,
 I speak of the *Poets* to quicken my Muse,
 Because I intending some Rhimes to repeat
 In the Praise of those Heroes commanding the Fleet:
Russel and *Bembow* I own to be Braves,
 And *Shovel*, like *Neptune*, bred Up on the Waves;
 Be it spoke to the Praise of bold Captain *Jumper*,
 When he met a *French Ship* he bravely wou'd chump-
 [her;

Nor ever dust *Lewis*, or Duke of *Burgundy*,
 E'er look in the Face of brave Sir *John Mundy*;
Denby and *Dursley* are Lords of great Merrit,
 And *Jennings* possesseth an Heroick Spirit;

*So, Landlord, be quick, we'll soon make a Tryal;
Come, bring us in White-Wine, we'll make it Punch*
[*royal.*]

No sooner the Bowl was brought to the Table,
And Landlord had joyn'd his Hand to the Ladle,
But all on a sudden we heard a great Noise,
A Hooping and Hollowing, with, *Come Aboard Boys;*
A Hurly, a Burly, a damnable Rout:
A Pox of ill-Luck, the Wind came about:
The Captain must go; a cruel Disaster,
To leave such a Bowl to the Drawer and Master:
I thought to've been Merry, but it was revers'd,
I hurry'd Aboard when my Soul was a thirst;
Let the Drawer and Master, who Drank it, be
[*Curs'd.*]

Now, being on Board, I made Observation
Of something relating unto Navigation:
For up came the *Boatswain*, with Countenance stern,
With a great Pair *Whiskers*, and Mouth like a Churn,
He lug'd out his *Whistle*, and up came the Sailers,
And all Hands aloft as nimble as Taylors:
There was *Toe-le-bo*, and, *Boys heave away*,
Whilst another was tearing his Throat with, *Belay*;
Then *Haul Cat*, *Haul*: A damnable Yawling;
The *Boatswain* a Swearing, the *Master* a Bawling,
Helm-a-lee, ye *Landlubbard Loobies*;
Let go the *Fore-Bowlings*, ye *Fresh-Water Boobies*;
Haul Aft the Main-Sheet, ye *Lump of a Dog*,
Whilst another was Singing a Tune to the *Log*.
Such

Such Language was us'd by the Tarpauling Rabble,
Sure never was such a Confusion at *Bable* :

The *Master* cry'd out, *Thus, thus, Steady, Steady :*

A Pox take his *Thus*, it made my Head Giddy:

The *Ship* fell to Rowing, I ran to the *Gunnel*;

Had you seen but my Throat you'd have thought of
[a *Funnel*;

For at the first Belsh up came all the Liquor,

The second brought up a Substance much thicker,

And then my poor Stomach began to be easie,

Till up came a Son-of-a-Whore that was Greasie;

They call'd him Cook *Laurel*, I thought him a *Satyr*,

And ever since that I have been a Cook Hater;

For by the Sequel you'll find him Uncivil,

He a Cook Lawrel, a Cook for the Devil :

For *Phisick* he brought me a Piece of Fat *Pork*,

Loathsome it look'd at the Point of his Fork.

Master Poet, said he, you may find by my Skill,

That I am a Doctor, come swallow this Pill,

If not by fair Means, by Jove I will ram ye,

And like a Lean Capon, or Turkey, I'll Cram ye.

Well, then my Stomach began to discharge

Enough one would think to've Loaded a Barge:

Whilst the Sailors were Laughing, and speaking of
[Oakum,

I empty'd my Paunch, the Devil may Choak-'em.

May the Greasie Old Rogue, the Stump-Footed Cook,

And his Mate, like a *Mackril*, be hung to a Hook,

And thrown Over-Board as a Bait to a *Shark*,

And may all the Sailors be Fox'd in the Dark

By the Rotteneft *Whores* that walks in the Park.

But what ever else did pass in the Ship,
 For brevity sake, I mean to let slip :
 Let it be what it will, I came to the Shore,
 And the first that I saw I believe was a *Whore*,
 By her Air, by her Mein, by her Jackating Dress,
 And her Talk of *Mynbeer* and *own Dinarefs*,
 A thousand dumb Signs she as perfectly made,
 As if she had served her Time to the Trade :
 And then I went to her with, how do you do ?
 And, Madam your Servant; I smuggled her too:
 She observing my Motion, and like to a *Spaniel*,
 She follow'd me close to the Sign of the *Camel* :
 I thought I had lost her, because she was missing,
 I turn'd back to see, and the Jade was a Pissing :
 This paul'd my keen Fancy, my Stomach grew weak,
 To see such a Flood for to spring from her Leak ;
 I thought it would cost a wonderful deal
 To furnish *Town-rop* with her Skin full of *Ale* ;
 So Madam, said I, I must bid you adieu,
 For now I think on't I have Business to do.

The next I observ'd, was a cluster of *Jews*,
 Some talking of Money, and some of the News :
 But as I drew near 'em they pull'd off their Hats,
 And spoke of heir *Skillings*, their *Guilders* and *Pats* :
 Some ask'd me if I had got Money to change ;
 A filthy Expression, it stunk of the Mange :
 I told 'em I had, they follow'd my Feet
 Throughout the City, from Street unto Street ;
 At length I did enter an *Ale-House* to get
 Somewhat to Drink, and something to Eat ;

A Morfel of *Bread*, and a Pint of good *Wine*
 To warm and keep up this Carcass of mine :
 This chearing my Spirits, my Soul swam in *Vino*,
 Then calling the Froe, I lug'd out my *Ryno*,
 A Six-penny Piece, stamp't *William* and *Mary*,
 And bended by *Dick* and *Doll* of the Dairy,
With to my Love, from my Love, turn to me Honey ;
 Sure *Love* has some Secret in bending of Money.
 The *Jews* all this while, as if my Inferiors,
 Stood like unto Laquies behind my Posteriors :
 But seeing me pack up my Alls to be gone,
 They ask'd me again, *pour change d'argent* ?
 God bless you, quoth I, I am sorry to find
 The *Jews* above all other People so blind :
 To my certain Knowledge you plainly might see
 What I gave the Woman, and what she gave me;
 The poor remains of my *English* Coin
 I chang'd with the Frow for her *Bread* and her *Wine*,
 So good *Mynbeer Jews* I beg ye be josing,
 Unless you intend to suffer a Flogging :
 Remember the Temple, ye stinking Old Dogs,
 Whence some of your Calling were drove out with
 [Flogs:
 I speaking so fierce it sent 'em all Trudging;
 They found me a *Shark*, though they thought me
 [a *Gudgeon* :
That's very well done, said the Froe, *I protest*,
 And she gave me a Pint for the sake of the Jest.

Then leaving my Hostess I trug'd it about,
 From Pillar to Post, till at length it fell out

That

That my Feet were grown weary by too much
[trampoofing,

I went to a House where the *Dutch* were a Boofing :
There was *Hendrik* and *Hans*, two Jolly Young
[Sailors,

Sneider and *Stoofle*, two Finiking Taylors ;
Clans Clomp the *Scoon-Lopper*, and *Robin* the Boor, }
And a Gunner call'd *Jous*, with a great many more. }
I believe in my Heart there was near half a Score. }
The Liquor they drank for to make their Hearts
[merry,

Was the true Distillation of the *Juniper-Berry* :
There was *Hendrik*, a *vous*, and here a *vous Claus*,
Ick bedanck you, *Seer Hendrik*, *top noch eans Baus*.
Thus Merry they were, till at length there came in
A Jolly young Lads, with a brave double Chin :
Hendrik he seiz'd her, and call'd her his *Miska* ;
Says *Claus*, *dats niet War*, *bet is myn a Lijst* ;
Then *Robin* attack'd, he lug'd and he tug'd her,
She push'd him away, and the *Gunner* then hug'd
[her,

But she was forc'd from him by *Sneider* and *Stoofle* ;
I never did see such a wonderful scuffle :
Then Words growing high, says *Hendrik* to *Claus*,
Gby Skellum, *gby Hondssfoot*, *lick myn a Maufe* :
Then out came their Knives in Anger and Passion,
To Snigafnee all according to the Fashion ;
But *Robin* he gave an unmerciful stroke
On the Hip of the *Gunner*, whose Powder-Horn
[broke,

And

And down fell the Power and Horn to the Ground,
 The Maid seeing that, she fell in a S wound;
 Her *Loolly-Pot* drop'd, and the *Powder* took Fire,
 Which blew up the *Gunner* and all that was nigh her;
 The *Can* and the *Glass* were broken to shiver,
 And *Robin*, the Boor, was blown into the River;
Claus Clomp was fore bruis'd, which he got by a fall,
 When he fell from the Air upon his own Stall;
 As for the *Maid*, her *Venter* was singed
 As bald as my Hand, tho' prestinely fring'd;
 My Landlord, poor Man, I pitt'y'd his Case,
 Was blown up the Chimney, and batter'd his Face;
 And I, a Spectator to this mighty Quarrel,
 Was thrown down the Cellar, and into a Barrel;
 Where I lay conceal'd as safe as a *Mouse*,
 Not minding the Noise that had been in the House,
 But, *Diogenes* like, I Liv'd in my Tub,
 Feasting my self with my Guts full of Bub;
 Drinking Healths to great *Bacchus* in Liquor divine,
 And twenty Go-downs to the Inspiring Nine;
 To all the Old Poets, sometimes by the by
 To Heroes of Old, like *Hector* of Troy.

When the Strength of the Grape flew up in my
 [Brain,
 And my Bladder was full, and no more could
 [contain,
 I piss'd thro' the Bung-hole, then drinking again;
 How long I remain'd thus Swimming in *Wine*,
 To tell you the Truth, I cannot divine:

Eight or Nine Days to besure was the least:
 But now comes on the Cream of the Jest.
 I Feasting my self one Day very well,
 Resolving to try to empty my Cell:
 But drinking too much, my Head run on Wheels,
 And spurning too strong with my *Mercury* Heels,
 My Cell sprung a Leak, and I fell Asleep,
 When awaking again, I'd occasion to Weep;
 I found my self thirsty and nothing to drink,
 For the *Wine* took its Course, and pass'd thro' the

[Sink:]

A deplorable Case let any Man think:
 Here I law Rowling, and Tossing about;
 Starv'd if I'd stay'd, and afraid to come out:
 Had my Stars been so kind to've let me but stay'd
 Till I'd drank out the *Wine*; but *Fortune's* a Jade,
 Happy I'd been a thousand times more,
 Than I e'er have been since, or ever before.
 This *Grotto* I thought a most delicate Place,
 And fancy'd a Monarch might envy my Case;
 I swam in *Champaign*, could a Monarch do more?
 The De'el take the Leak, Dame *Fortune's* a Whore:
 Here I lay pining, and wishing for Death,
 Rack'd in my Guts, and a Pain to fetch Breath;
 Out I must come, or there I must lie,
 Nature was strong, not willing to Die;
 Thus I crept out, but then to my Grief,
 No sooner that done, but attack'd for a Thief.
Hans Mogen, the Master of the House I suppose,
 By his *Butter-Milk* Belly, and *Carbuncld* Nose,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on my Corps with Kicking and Cuffing,
 With blustering Oaths, and damnable Huffing;
Donder and *Blixem*, and Oaths I can't tell,
 New fashion'd Words invented in Hell:
 But this, to my Sorrow, I certainly know,
 That each Oath or Curse brought a Kick or a Blow:
 He batter'd my Phiz with his great Mutton-Fist,
 And gave me a flash with his Knife on my Wrist;
 He Kick'd and he Cuff'd till he thought I was Dead,
 And my *Caput* was swell'd like *Sarazens* Head;
 And Tokens of Death in me did appear,
 For I foul'd and Be-urin'd my Breeches with Fear:
 But seeing me move, he thought there was Life,
 And attack'd me again with his *Amsterdam* Knife,
 Off'ring a Stab, but was stop'd by his Wife;
Husband, said she, *let's do what is meet*,
Here's a Neighbour, a Justice, that Lives in this Street,
Let's take him before him, let Justice be done,
And hang up the Rogue till he's dry'd by the Sun.
 Her Words took effect, to the Justice we went,
 I dreading the Doom of some great Punishment,
 As ever the Law, or the De'il could invent.

The Justice was seated upon a high Stool,
 With a Stick in his Hand like a *Carpenters* Rule:
 If I am not mistaken, I think that his Name
 Was *Vander strak Uphong*, or much like the same:
 His Aspect was grim, and Countenance fierce,
 As the King of the *Tartars*, when on his War-Horse;
 With Majestical motion he waved his Hand,
 The Audience were silenced by his Command,
 Then

Then he thrust out his Breast, and lug'd in his Claw
Let the Plaintiff speak first, said he, 'tis our Law;
 When I know his Complaint I'll bear the Defendant,
 Consider the Case, and then make an end on't.

My Accuser spoke first with a terrible Story,
 Of Robbing his House, and that I was a Tory,
 And thought that I came to Kill him and his Spouse,
 To Ravish his Maid, or to Fire his House;
 Ten thousand times more, I can't tell you what,
 As Knocking him down, and Stabbing his Cat;
 That I run at his Wife with an Iron red-hot:
 Well, now thinks I, I'm just going to Pot.

My turn came to speak, I held up my Head,
 An't please your Worship, said I, I wanting some
 [Bread,
 At which I was stop'd, not suffer'd to speak
 A Word more in defence, not a Word of the Leak:
 The Justice arose from's Majestical Chair,
 What Language, quoth he, is that which I hear?
 Whence come you? who are you? I know you're a Rogue
 Of some foreign Nation, a Kin to the Brogue:
 Put him i'th' Rasp-house, and there let him Work,
 And have no more Mercy on him than a Turk;
 Give him Water to Drink, let Bread be his Diet,
 For a Year and a Day, for this was a Riot.
 For, Neighbours, quoth he, in our Law we've a term,
 Call'd *Beatum Robborum*, a Word of concern:

Craw It's a Praise in the Latin, as much as to say,
; If a Man be a Thief, or begins an Afray,
nt, He must Die, or must Work for a Tear and a Day.

}

y, Hard Sentence thinks I; did I come from Mount
[Tabor,

se, To *Batavia Goshen* to suffer hard Labour?
at, Must I now do my Task, and yet have no *Wine*?
And nothing but *Bread*, when suffer'd to Dine:
A Pox thought I, on these *Butter-Milk* Laws;
Not one bit of *Flesh* to put in my Jaws.
I wish I'd remain'd in my Ton till this time,
I shou'd not have fail'd of my Skin full of *Wine*;
The De'il take the Leak, it baffles my Rhime,

}

some I was led to the *Rasp-House*, conducted by Mob;
read, Well, now thinks I, I have got a queer Job;
leak: Here's Work in abundance, but I must conceit
My Belly is full, when I've nothing to Eat.
What I observ'd in the *Work-House*, was this,
ogtie When Mischief was done, or ought was amiss,
It was lay'd to my charge, it was I that must do it,
Right or Wrong they'd all swear unto it:
The *Keeper* receiv'd their false Information,
And Flog'd me by wholesale, 'cause not of his Nation.
All this I endur'd Twelve Months and a Day,
Those Rags that I had were gone to decay;
m, So, *Lazarous* like, I was sent empty away:
Then I, a poor miserable Object of pitty,
Did wander and rove about in the City:

}

No

No Money, no Friends, no Lodging or Diet,
 A War in my Guts, tho' my Pockets were quiet,
 I ne'er shall forget it; a pox of the Riot. }

Thus left to the Care of kind Providence,
 Naked, and Cold, and exempted from Pence,
 I wander'd about, but at length I espy'd
 A flashing young Beau, with a Sword by his Side,
 A *Britain* he was, I knew by his Phiz,
 For *Frogland's* Complexions much differ'd from his.
 I boldly went to him, then scur'd up my Face
 To a Posture of Craving, then open'd my Case:
 He replenish'd my Guts with a *Shoulder of Mutton*,
 I eagerly Cram'd, till I'd Stuff'd like a Glutton;
Wine, in abundance, he gave me for Sauce,
 Two Guineas in Money to make up my Loss;
 An Old Suit of Cloaths, a Shirt and a Hat,
 Stockings and Shoes, and a Flourish'd Cravat,
 And a Pound of *Tobacco*: Thus, being Befriended,
 I made him a Scrape, then to Bed I ascended:
 Next Day he embark'd me on Board of a Pink,
 First cramming my *Carcass* with *Meat* and much *Drink*,
 Then hoisting our Sails, we soon made our Shore,
 I rejoyc'd in my Heart to see it once more,
 Then Landing, I kiss'd it a thousand times o'er. }

If I e'er make a Voyage to *Frogland* again,
 May the *Gravil*, the *Stone*, and *Gout* be my Pain:
 May my *Scull* be trapan'd, and may my *Shin-bones*
 Be scrap'd with a Knife by Butchering *Jones*,
 And an *Enuch* become, for want of my S——.

THE Trooper Undone:

OR, HIS
BUTTER-BOX broke.

THE A R G U M E N T.

*The Author being upon a four Days Guard at the Siege of Doway, had the Misfortune of setting his Horse next to his Cornet's, and hanging his * Haversack upon his Pistol, the Cornet's Horse attack'd it, eat his Bread, and broke his Butter-Box in a barbarous manner.*

Note, That the Cornet's Horse was got by an English Stone-Horse upon a Holland's Mare.

W HAT could invite thy cruel Teeth to Know
A Trooper's Haversack, to stuff thy Maw?
Did'st thou not know that *Ann, Great-Britain's Queen*,
Has stor'd for thee, at *Lisle*, a Magazine?

C

Or

* *A Linnen-Bag to put Provision in.*

THE

Or art thou Blind, and canst not see the Fields
 Well stor'd with that which *Seed* or *Nature* yields?
 Then, why did'st thou attempt to make me poor,
 To know my *Haversack*, and rob my Store?
 It's true, it lay expos'd; but who the Pox
 Would think thou would'st attack my *Butter-Box*,
 Or force my stored Sack, to my surprize?
 To make my *Bread* become thy Sacrifice:
 Thy Noble Sire, *Charger*, ne'er was prone
 To use such Filching Means, he knew his own;
 And was content, and never would invade
 Another's Right, like common Hackney Jade:
 He came of noble Blood, and ne'er was found,
 For breaking Hedge, i'th' Lord o'th' Manour's Pound:
 This was thy Sire, but unhappy Fate
 Hath made thee from him to degenerate:
 Thy Dam was *Holland's* Mare I fancy much,
 Thou learnst'd this way of Thieving from the *Dutch*,
 Whose Pride is *Butter-Box*; they're highly pleas'd,
 And lick their Lips to see the Bread well greas'd:
 And thou, as if well pleas'd with * *Butter-Ham*,
 Didst lick thy Lips, and grin to see the same.
 Of four Days Guard as yet but two are past,
 And two remains, and I must Starve at last:
 Mischievous, unkind Beast! by *Jove* it's true,
 Thou'lt Starve a *Trooper* and a *Poet* too:
 Thy Master bears Command, my Hands are ty'd,
 If loose, by *Jove* I'd soundly drub thy Hide:

* *Bread and Butter.*

Though

Though Hands are bound from striking, yet I will
Attempt a Satyr, and exert my skill.

First, May twelve honest *Troopers* be thy Jury;
And thou for this be sent to Captain * *Fury*:
May Hang-Man *John* a knotty Whip provide;
And Cut and Slash thee round from Side to Side:
May'st thou no more the noble *Standard* bear,
But be discharged from thy Master's Care:
And when thou'rt thus discharged from Master's ||
[Picket,

Be forc'd to seek thy Food in Barren *Thicket*:
May'st thou be Spur'd by *Taylors*, Rid by *Fools*,
Scorn'd by *Asses*, and be Kick'd by *Mules*:
May'st thou a Hackney be on *Portsmouth Road*,
And may *Tarpaulins* be thy Daily Load:
Or, may'st thou 'th' City spend thy tedious Days,
In dragging common *Whores* to see the *Plays*:
May'st thou go Post from *London* down to *Ware*,
And draw the *Cheapside* Cuckolds to *Horn-Fair*:
May † *Bradshaw* give thee Drink to make thee Sick;
To punish thee for this thy Filching Trick:
May *Sadle* wound thy Back, and may'st thou be
Never from *Spur-Gauls*, or from *Set-fasts* free:
And may'st thou be a *Carrier's* Horse at length,
And may he Load thy Back beyond thy Strength:
May'st thou be poor and weak, and drop thy Load,
Fall down i'th' Dirt, and D e in *Tyburn-Road*;

C 2

And

* *The Provost-Marshal of the Army.*

|| *A Wooden-Stake to tie Horses too when in Camp.*

† *The Farrier of the Troop.*

And when thou art thus Dead, I hope there'll be
No Poet that will Write thy Elegy :

May all my Fellow Troopers Curse thee worse
In *English* Prose than I have done in Verse :

May this be true, as I have put my Pen to't,
And may all honest Troopers say *Amen* to't.

And may all honest Troopers say Amen to't.

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And may all honest Troopers say Amen to't.

A
L E T T E R
F R O M
Mrs. Sufanna Lane,
T O
Thomas Trueboy, a Trooper.

My Dear,

WHat could excite that roving Thought of yours
To leave a Maid you gain'd by your Amours;
Say what I've done, I'll expiate the Crime,
And ask your Pardon, if the Fault was mine;
A But that's impossible, you know I love;
Some Favours granted you will clearly prove,
Attack'd by Love, I yeilded all my Charms,
And did submit to your All-conquering Arms,
On certain terms, that you would Constant be,
And Husband be to none but only me.
You know, when you attack'd my Fort, that I
Did bid adieu to my Virginity:

A pure unspotted Virgin till I gave
 My Heart to you ; thus I became your Slave :
 Keep your Parole with me, 'tis all I crave.
 But sure some Foreign Beauty claims a part
 Of my Prerogative, your fickle Heart,
 Curs'd be that she who seeks to dispossess
 Me of your Love, my Joy, my Happiness :
 May that Fond she, who boldly dares presume
 To steal thee from me, let this be her doom ;
 May she be always know'd by *Jealousie*,
 Jealous of all the World, but most of me :
 May Unhap'd, Monstrous, Births spring from her
 [Womb,

And stinking Dunghill her deserved Tomb ;
 May Bastards fill her House with hedious Noise,
 And unknown Grievs destroy her look'd for Joys :
 And may she always strive, but strive in vain,
 To please that Man who as my right I claim :
 May Floods of brinish Tears trill down the Cheeks
 Of that fond she that my Destruction seeks :
 May she spin out her time in Carping Cares,
 And have black Eyes, gain'd by Intestine Jars ;
 Thus pass her time until her Thread is spun,
 And when spun out; be no more thought upon.
 But stay, my Muse, I hope no foreign she
 Can gain thy Love, or steal thee thus from me :
 Then leave the Wars, my Dear, thy Sword dismiss,
 Return to me, and crown my Long'd for Bliss :
 Kind Looks allow to Love, so shall I find
 A sovereign Balm for my distracted Mind :

No Worldly Riches do I ask to have;
 Your Love alone is all I fondly crave:
 My Uncle's Dead! blest'd be his Memory,
 He made his Will, bequeathing All to me;
 Two thousand Pounds is now my Dowery:
 A wellcome Gift to guard us from the Cold;
 It's all for you, my Person, and my Gold.
 Take pitty then, and say you will be mine,
 And save Alive your wounded Feminine:
 Excuse this way of Writing in my Sex;
 This Doctrine I must write, 'cause Love's the Text:
 Let the next Post bring to my trembling Hands
 An Answer to these Lines, it's Love commands.
 Accept my Love, I ever shall remain
 Your Constant, Wounded Love, *Susanna Lana.*

Mr. TRUEBOY's Answer.

My Dear,

I Ask ten thousand Pardons for my Crime;
 You are not Criminal, the Fault was mine:
 Flush'd in my Cups, God *Bacchus* did infuse
 Strange Notions in my Head, to your Abuse:
 Thus ravish'd from the Arms of you, my Dear,
 The cause I do ascribe to th' Strength of Beer:
 Had I been Sober, sure I ne'er had don't,
 Or in your Arms, I ne'er had thought upon't:

Discharge

Discharge your Jealous Breast of all its Fears ;
 Dismiss your Chagrin Thoughts, forsake your Tears :
 Know, Charming Female, that no foreign she
 Shall gain my Love, or e'er your Rival be.
 May my two Eyes ne'er see my Native Shore,
 If you are not the Person I adore.

Pole-Artick shall to *Pole-Antartick* come,
 And in this Land my Zenith be the *Sun*,
 And frigid shall the *Torrid Zone* become:
 And *Prestor John* shall Rule my Native Land,
 And *Neptune* on the Shore shall bear Command;
 The *Turk* turn *Christian*, and the *Jew* a *Papist*,
 The *Moor* a *Quaker*, and my self an *Atheist*;
 The *Moon* forget its Course, the *Tides* to flow,
 And *Boreas* shall be known no more to Blow,
 And all things shall dissolve to brackish Sea,
 And *Jealous Wife* leave off her *Jealousy*,
 E'er I will be Unconstant unto thee:
 Assume thy Right, my Heart I freely yeild
 To you, fair Conqueress of God *Cupid's* Field;
 My Heart is yours, receive it as your Prize,
 A Captive Heart, fit for your Sacrifice:
 Endless my Torment is, if you're Unkind,
 Murder'd by *Cupid*, and Disturb'd in Mind:
 Returns of Love I crave, and then shall I
 Run to your lovely Arms, there Live and Dye;
 Never to part, if once return'd again,
 Deliver'd safe from what belongs to *Spain*.
 Receive my Love, and that will crown the Joy
 Of him who does remain your Slave, *Trueboy*.

s;
Tears:

A
L E T T E R

FROM AN

Old Cook-Maid in *England*,

TO

GEORGE BLUNDERBUSS,

A Trooper in *Flanders*.

I Do presume, my Dear, once more to write
To thee, dear *Blunderbuss*, my Heart's delight,
To let you know I, like the *Turtle-Dove*,
Do pine away, I having lost my Love
Refreshing Sleep is banish'd from my Eyes,
And unknown Grief dethrones my wonted Joys.

I cannot Eat, for why, my Stomach's gone,
 And loath that Meat I'm forc'd to swallow down;
 And thrice a Week the Doctor orders Physick,
 And says, *He thinks I'm troubl'd with the Phtisick*:
 My Master swears, and says, I am Distracted;
 My Mistress thinks my Lungs are Putrified;
 The *Hoffler* swears, my like's not in the Nation,
 That's when I foul the Stable by Purgation;
 My Fellow Servants often say I'm Idle,
 And, like a cunning Horse, resist the Bridle,
 Because I would not Work; but they're mistaken,
 I never us'd such means to save my Bacon.
 All this do I endure, because I love,
 And I shall Die if you Unconstant prove.
 Sometimes I view the amorous Bed by Night,
 In which we in Confort had our delight;
 I saw it once with Pleasure, now with Pain,
 Because those Joys will ne'er return again:
 You can't forget with what indulgent Care
 I rub'd your wonted Scores from off the Bar;
 And when your Pockets prov'd deficient,
 And your Subsistence was profusely spent,
 To mine you had recourse for Contribution,
 Till quite exhausted by your Diminution;
 Then went to Pawn my Gown, my Hood, and
 [Smocks,
 To pay the Doctor's Bill, when you were Poxt;
 I wash'd your Shirts, so kept you Clean and Sweet,
 And Wine you drank at every Meal you Eat;
 All this was done by me, and ten times more,
 For thee, dear *Blunderbuss*, whom I adore.

Reflect

Reflect on these pass'd Favours granted you,
 And in return, give me your Heart, my due:
 Excuse these *Blunders* I have written here,
 Upon each *Blunder* I've distill'd a Tear:
 Oh! *Blunder, Blunder*, 'tis a *Bus* I'd have
 From thy dear self, that's what I fondly crave,
 Or send me Headlong to my wish'd for Grave.
 Accept my Love, I ever shall subscribe
 My self, your Captivated Love, *Nan Hide*.

Blunderbus's *Answer*:

OLD musty, stinking, and insipid *Nan*,
 Whose Cloaths embroider'd are by *Dripping*;
 [Pan;

Old *Mother Shipton* like, thy Nose and Chin
 Do one another Kifs at every Grin;
 Old Age has drawn thy Teeth, and from thy Gums
 A mighty flood of nasty Slabber comes;
 Ugly and Loathsome, Over-rid and Old;
 A Whore, a Thief, nay ten times worse a Scold;
 And yet do'st thou presume, through Impudence,
 To write to me, a Man of noted Sense,
 To let me know, you, like a *Turtle-Dove*,
 Do pine away, you having lost your Love:
 Poor loving *Turtle-Dove*, hard is thy Fate
 To love that Man that does thy Person hate.
 Had I my Choice to Hang, or Marry thee,
 I wou'd refuse Old *Nan*, and chuse the *Tree*.

Thou

Thou can'st not Sleep, why I my self discard
Somniferous Draughts, when call'd to Mount Grand

[Guard;

When Trumpet sounds to Horse, I'm forc'd to rise,
And must not Sleep when on an Enterprize:

What is't to me, if thrice a Week you Physick,
Or Doctor orders *Drugs* to cure the *Phtisick*,

And so patch up a noted Slut by Birth;

And when thus patch'd, your Body's nothing worth,

Or if you'r Mad, to *Bedlam* go for Knowledge,

Like me, when worn with Age, to *Chelsea-Colledge*.

If *Hoffler* quarrels with your Excrement,

Drop'd from your nasty Bum, with fulsome scent,

What's that to me? Or, if you're Idle grown,

That is no News; you always were a Drone;

You say you view the Amorous Bed by Night;

I bless my Stars the same is from my Sight.

Indulgent, careful Thief, rub of my Scores;

Such Tricks is us'd by none but common Whores;

And Master's Wine to me your Minion gave,

To make me fitter for your Stallion Slave:

Wine was the Grace, your self but stinking Meat;

I always have a Grace before I Eat.

Without provoking Wines none can agree,

Or e'er consent to lay thy Letchery,

But fear to touch so foul a Fiend as thee:

You term these Favours, yet unto my Grief,

My Conscience tells me my thou'rt an arrant Thief.

I Contribution raise from such Old Fools

That can't contain themselves in modest Rules:

Your

Your Smocks you say you pawn'd to pay a Bill
 The Doctor brought for *Anti-Clappum Pill*,
 And Shirts were wash'd, to keep me clean and
 [sweet,
 To render me a Stallion more compleat,
 To satisfie your fulsome Appetite.

If Doctor's Bill was pay'd, it was to render
 A thing more sound for thee, my dear Pretender,
 For proper Use of thee, Old Doating Elf,
 More rotten ten times o'er than me my self :
 Returns of Love you ask, take you no Care,
 My Heart's my Own; 'tis for a brighter Star :
 You are eclips'd by Age, your Teeth are gone,
 Ugly and Old, and I but Thirty One.
 Old Doating *Kitchen-Stuff* don't think that I
 Will Wed with Sixty Five, with Bleared Eye;
 Dumb, Deaf, and Rotten, and yet more,
 A filching Thief, an Old and Common Whore,
 A *Billingsgate*, a *Fiend* as foul as may be,
 No : *Blunderbuss* is for a Charming Lady.

BLUNDERBUSS'S
RECEIPT
AGAINST
COWARDICE.
Probatum est.

I Once was Sick, the Doctor said that I
Was Sick o'th' Wars, and finally must Die,
If not advis'd ; so he prescrib'd a Dose,
That I must take, and keep my Quarters close ;
Three Cannon-Balls take you, each Ball six Pounds,
Digested well in Blood took from your Wounds,
A Pound of Gun-Powder, and Lawyer's Wit,
With good Lamp-Oyl, take quantum sufficit:
Take you this Dose Jejuno Stomachio,
Then walk about an Hour too and fro :
Take this but once, you need not use it more,
It will force out the Cause at Postern-Door,
And you will well digest the War, if Wise ;
A certain Cure for Warsick Cowardice.

I took this Dose with ease and satisfaction,
And now I can digest a Warlike Action:
Cast you a Stone i'th' Air, it soon will fall
Unto the Earth, for why, it's Natural :

It's Nature doth direct the bleating *Lamb*
 To know, and still be with its proper *Dam*;
 Nature directs the *Dog* to kill his *Game*;
 The *Salimander's* Element 's the *Flame* :
 Custom is to some, like Nature's Works,
 Witness *Mabomitis*m to the *Turks* :
 Observe my *Hof*t, how nimbly he can run,
 And Score Two Pots when I have had but One :
 Lying is us'd by those o'th' dealing Trade,
 Who say it's *Good*, when never *Worse* was Made.
 Thus ask a *Maid* if she's dispos'd to *Marry*,
 It's *time* enough, says she, I'll longer *tarry* :
 This she has learn'd, by Custom, from her *Mother*,
 One thing to say, and yet to mean another.

By Nature, or by Custom, now am I
 Become a *Soldier*, and I scorn to fly :
 To kill's the Trade by which I get my *Bread*,
 These Hands of mine have many lay'd for *Dead*;
 Some I do *Carbonade*, and others *Shoot*,
 And when my *Horse* is kill'd I Fight on *Foot*,
 Then *Stab*, or *Cut*, or *Shoot*, or how I can,
 Till all are *Slain*, and I can find no *Man*
 That dares *Encounter* with *Heroick* me,
 But all retreat when *Blunderbuss* they see.
 I've serv'd the *Government* these fourteen *Years*,
 I am *Cafe-harden'd* now, my *Face* appears
 Most *Beautiful*, it being adorn'd with *Scars*
 As *Honourable* Tokens of the *Wars*,
Pinginnets spread my *Landlord's* Face in *Kent*;
Bacchus has plac'd them there for *Ornament* :

My

My Uncle *George*, of noble Race, is come,
 Yet to Effeminate, to follow Drum:
 So *Venus* Lifted him, she prov'd unkind,
 Beat flat his Nose, and left her Marks behind;
 And some the common Hang-Man marks i'th' Face
 Because that picking Pockets was the Case:
 These Marks are Ignominious, because
 They were obtain'd by breaking *Brittain's* Laws;
 But *Mars* bestow'd on me these Marks I bear,
 For serving Conquering *Ann* in lawful War:
 At *Hockstedt* I my self charg'd Six i'th' Field,
 Kill'd Five o'th' Spot, and forc'd the Sixth to yield
 At *Donawert* I boldly charg'd the *French*,
 And drove whole Squadrons thro' their Guard
 [Trench

I took Three Gen'als at *Ramilly*,
 A Prince o'th' Blood, and all his Family;
 Most of *Bavaria's* Guard were Slain by me.
 Have not you heard how I, at *Oudenard*,
 Engag'd a Captain, and Beat all his Guard:
 The Captain was my Prisoner, and he
 Was forc'd to beg his Life of Noble me:
 At *Tournay's* Siege I saw a Bomb i'th' Air,
 And all cry'd out, *A Bomb there, have a Care*:
 But I stood still, as not at-all dismay'd,
 And did not run like those who were afraid,
 But spread my Cloak, and catch'd it in the Fall,
 So Choak'd it quite, it never broke at-all.
 This rais'd my Honour; all Men now confess
 There's none so bold as me, *George Blunderbuss*.

THE
HUMOUR
OF A

Mourning Widow
CONSIDER'D

Observe the Widow's House, you'll see
A sort of Trage-Comedy:
A 'Scutcheon, Drawn by Painter's Skill,
Is placed up, like Play-House Bill,

To give the World an Information,
By the Way of Ostentation,
To let you know, unhappy Fate!
Exposes poor Deceas'd in State.

The House must be dismantled quite,
And Ornaments put out of Sight:
The Hangings, with the Tapestry,
Are cast into Obscurity:

The Pictures, with the *China* Wares,
Are all conceal'd behind the Stairs;

And *Looking-Glass*, that's six Foot long,
 Is put away amongst the Throng;
 And *Dressing-Box*, the darling Pride
 Of *Mourning Widow*, is lay'd aside:
 Then Master *Undertaker's* Pack
 Do come and hang the House with Black:
 In *Parlour*, where Defunct doth lie,
 Is seen the *Mourners* standing by,
 All Cloath'd in Black, and making Moan
 With dismal and uncommon Tone:
 Here's Sniveling, throwing Snot about,
 Which is discharg'd from *Mourner's* Snout;
 Such Sighing, Sobing, ne'er was known
 Since Father *Adam* walk'd alone;
 Such dismal Looks, and such Grimaces,
 Do frame a Grief in all their Faces;
 Then Howl in Confort once again,
 Much worse than *Hogs* by *Butchers* slain.
 When Friends appear where Corps is seated,
 The Howling is again repeated:
 One acts the *Curtell*, or the *Base*,
 With Grief expressed in his Face,
 An Emblem of the *Widow's* Case:
 But it's not what is requisite
 The *Mob* should see her Counterfeit:
 These *Mourners* Office is to show
 The *Widow* Mourns *Incognito*.

Next, let us view the *Widow* Lady,
 Who acts her Part as well as may be:

She's Chamber'd up, two Stories high,
 Where Room receives no Light from Skie;
 But all's Obscure, to make appear
 As if a real *Mourner*'s there:
 She on her *Couch* extended lies,
 With veiled Face, to screen her Eyes:
 From Head to Foot she's cover'd o'er
 With Sable Robes by *Mourners* wore:
 She's heard to Sigh, to Sob, to Scream,
 Yet all this while her Tongue's Serene;
 Sometimes she'll fetch a sudden Screek,
 As if, thro' Grief, her Heart wou'd break;
 Those who are Strangers to her Wit,
 Would think it's a *Convulsion Fit*:
 She acts her Part so well, as if
 It were a true substantial Grief:
 But, without all Contradiction,
 It is no more than meerly Fiction:
 Could you but scrutinize her Heart,
 Or she her Secrets wou'd impart,
 You'd find her formal Grief no more
 Than baser Mettal gilded o'er:
 Her Tears are Poysonous, therefore she
 Owes to her Cheeks some Charity;
 For when a Flood attempts to rise,
 She'll stop the Breaches of her Eyes,
 With Thoughts of Marr'ing once again
 To some Great Lord of mighty Fame.

Well, now her Grief has some respite,
 And feigned Sorrow's over quite:

She's

Now she begins to move her Tongue,
 And stare about amongst the Throng;
 Among which Crowd a Doctor stands,
 With *Cordial Julip* in his Hands;
 But first applys his Skillful Fift
 To find the *Pulse* on *Widow's* Wrist.
Madam, says he, *how are you now?*
Metbinks your Pulse beats mighty low:
Lord! Sir, says she, *my Heart is broke:*
How shall I bear this mighty Stroke?
Oh! Wretched Creature, that I am,
Thus to survive that Loving Man:
I wish I ne'er had seen the Day
That my dear Lord was snatch'd away:
Oh! Death! Oh! Death! thou'rt too severe,
To take him hence, and leave me here:
Oh! that I now were Cold and Dead,
And in the Coffin in his stead!
Alas, alas, I'm now undone;
My Friend is gone, and now I've none:
Oh! Stand away, let me now expire;
Grant me, Great Jove, my Soul's desire.

Good *Madam*, says the Doctor, why
 Do you thus Grieve, or wish to Die?
 Dear Lady take this little Cup,
 And drink the *Cordial Julip* up:
 For it will dissipate your Fears;
 It will restrain your mournful Tears:
Madam, it will, take my Parole,
 Give Ease unto your drooping Soul.

Lord!

*Lord! Sir, said she, there's nothing can
Drive from my Heart that Loving Man:
None of your Slops can ease my Grief;
Come welcome Death, that's my Relief.*

*Forbear, dear Madam, says a Dame,
I hope you'll stand another Game:
Your Lord is Dead we know, what then?
In this wide World there's other Men
To take you to a Marriage-Bed;
Then think no more on him that's Dead:
He's gone the Way of all Mankind,
And left to you his Wealth behind:
You're Charming, Young, and Buxom still,
And may be Happy if you will:
A certain Lord was pleas'd to say,
And thus express'd himself to Day,
I wish, said he, upon my Life,
That Charming Widow was my Wife:
I'd serve her with my utmost power,
And oblige her in that happy Hour;
Convert her Grief to sweet Delight,
Adore by Day, and Love by Night.
This Lord's no Stranger; for he's known
By you, and me, and all the Town:
His Lordship's Young, which doth portend,
That he can stand a Lady's Friend:
Besides, well Shap'd, and Wealthy too,
He'll keep a Coach and Six for you;
And you may be the Happy'st Bride
That ever lay by Human Side.*

Lord!

Then, Madam, cease to Mourn, since Fate
 Has prov'd so kind to you of late,
 To take him hence who was Diseas'd,
 I rather think you may be pleas'd,
 Since that he's called hence, thro' Grace,
 To yield a Younger Lord his Place.

Then Widow raises up her Head,
 And speaks unto her *Chamber-Maid*,
Come, Jane, come reach the Doctor's Cup;
I'll strive to drink the Cordial up.

A thousand Obligations due,
Dear, Worthy Lady, unto you :
Your Words my Sorrows mitigate ;
They seem my Torments to abate.
As yet, it's time enough, indeed,
To lay aside my Mourning Weed :
If I so soon a Consort take,
The World will its Reflection make :
Tet, I confess, my Nature's prone,
It spurs a second Marriage on.

Dear Madam, quoth another Dame,
 I hope you'll Marry once again ;
 For your Affairs, do what you can,
 Will suffer Loss without a Man :
 To Lett a Farm you know not how,
 Or what for Taxes to allow :
 You cannot tell how much *per Cent*
 You ought to have for *Money Lent* :

You

You can't cast up your Steward's Bill;
 In course he'll Cheat you with his Quill:
 You understand no Querks in Law,
 No more than Magpie, or a Daw:
 Your Doctor, Lawyer, or your Baker,
 Lace-Man, Silk-Man, or Shoe-Maker,
 They'll all be Cheats, in spite of Fate,
 And will diminish your Estate,
 Unless you take a second Mate.

*That's true, says Widow, that they will;
 I do not understand a Bill;
 Or cast Accompt, you may presume,
 No more than can the Pope of Rome:
 I'll strive to Live; I hope kind Fate
 Will pleasure me with second Mate,
 To stand my Friend, and ease my Grief,
 And to my Sorrows yield Relief.
 Oh! grant, ye Heav'ns! that I may
 Live and enjoy that happy Day
 In which I may my Wishes crown,
 Which said, she took the Cordial down.*

ADVICE
TO THE
WIDOW.

FOrbear, thou *Crocodile*, to Mourn,
Since all Mankind do know
Thou'lt no Respect unto his Urn,
But all's for Outward show.

Do'ft think thy forced Tears e'er can
Have power to Deceive
That noble Creature, called *Man*?
No; still we think on *Eve*.

But if of Tears thou'lt be profuse,
And they sincerely fall,
They're highly fit for *Doctor's* use;
Be Wise, preserve them all.

They're good to ease disturbed Mind,
The *Cramp*, the *Stone*, the *Gout*;
Infallibly will cure the *Blind*,
If drop't sincerely out.

They're

They're good to clear our Eye-sight, when
 Thy Painted Sex intice us;
 And will not suffer in us Men,
Deceptio visus.

These Wonder-working Tears can raise
 The Dead to Life again;
 If mixed with the Oyl of Bays
 They're good to cure a Strain;

But if the *Crocodile's* thy Case,
 Then Poysonous are thy Tears:
 And if they touch thy lovely Face,
 Thy Beauty disappears.

Then have a Care, lest that by chance,
 Sincerely thou should'st cry;
 For if Defunct rise from his Trance,
 Adieu to all thy Joy.

A
G A M E
O F
Back - Gammon,
PLAY'D BY
My LORD and my LADY.

To the Tune of, *Jolly Roger Twangdillo* of
Ploughden-Hill.

I.

THE Buxom Young Widow has lost the first Game,
Because that her Dice were unkind :
But, like a true Gamester, she'll venture again,
In hopes they will run to her Mind :
Resolving to venture,
Tho' she may repent her,
And come off a Loofer at last,
She'll hazard the same,
And stand t'other Game,
To pleasure again
Her Merkin, her Jerkin, and her Water-Firkin,
A Pleasure she longeth to taste.

I I.

Cinque Trea, the first Night,
 Did yield her Delight,
 And she made a Point with the same :
 Size-Ace the next Throw, or she's ruined quite,
 And in danger of loosing the Game :
 See how bad her Case is,
 For up came Two Aces,
 And she is not pleased at all.
 Adieu my Delight ;
 I'm Gammon'd Out-right ;
 What no more to Night
 For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin ?
 My Lord, your Two Aces are small.

I I I.

My Lord, you do Wrong me, in Cheating me so,
 And I will not yield you the Game :
 Come handle the Dice, and take t'other Throw ;
 I'm ready to venture the same.
 But my Lord wou'd venture
 To throw at her Center,
 He had no more Aces to Play.
 Says she, My Lord, you
 Shall have a Cornu ;
 For I'll have my due
 For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin,
 Or you shall Sing Cuckoe to Day.

I V.

I V.

Hold, Madam, *says he*, I'll take t'other Hit :
 Come take up the *Dice* in your Hand,
 And Jog 'em, or Cog 'em, or what you think fit
 I fear I'm not able to Stand.
Then mind what came after,
For up came a Quator ;
And she took him up with that Cast :
He threw in vain
To enter again ;
So she got the Game,
With her Merkin, her Jerkin, and her Water-Firkin ;
And she was well pleased at last.

Hit :

think fit

-Firkin;

T H E

THE
METAMORPHISE
OF
SILVIA.

SILVIA was most Charming Fair,
Her Head adorn'd with Silver Hair,
Bedeck't with Gems, and costly Things,
And finely Wrought with Silken Strings:
Her Face, in all its Parts, was seen
Far to surpass the Eastern Queen;
Her Neck, her Breast, her Mein, and Grace,
Did equalize her lovely Face;
And all her Parts appear'd to be
Adorn'd with Graceful Majesty;
And all the World that saw her, were
Struck with Amazement, Love, and Fear:
Each Rival 'gainst each other strove,
And each in hopes to gain her Love:
Amongst her Lovers there was found
Four noble Lords, of Birth renown'd;
Dorastus, and the noble *Vanus*,

Each

Each Lov'd with Passion, each with Pain
 Did strive her stubborn Heart to gain:
 Stubborn untill the God of *Love*,
 In Rage descended from Above,
 And at her cast a pointed Dart,
 Which twice in twain did split her Heart:
 One fourth of which she gave away
 To Young *Dorastus*, Lord of *May*;
 A second fourth she freely gave
 To noble *Vanus*, to her Slave;
 Most wonderful this charming Fair
 Yielded to *Viſtor* too a Share:
 She found a private way to send
Strepbanus too his dividend.
 Each had his Share, each had his Part
 Of Love that issued from her Heart:
 Nor did she know within her Breast,
 Which of the Four she loved best.

Then *Jove* did Eccho thro' the Skies
 With dreadful and a Thund ring Noise,
 And Nimble *Mercury* was sent
 Throughout the Starry Element,
 With Proclamations from great *Jove*,
 To Summons first the God of *Love*,
 And all the other Gods, to come
 And Godeffes, before his Throne.
 No sooner done, but in a Trice
 They all Obey'd his mighty Voice:
 All were ready, all were there,
 Expecting his Commands to hear:

The Gods, said he, I will descend,
 And you must your Assistance lend
 In concert with me on the Earth,
 Where Silvia Lives that's Great by Birth :
 She's equally fall'n in Love with Four,
 And each of them do her adore :
 Now, ye Gods, we must decide
 Which shall enjoy her for his Bride.

As soon as he had made an end,
 They all prepared to descend ;
 Whilst trembling Clouds did shake with fear,
 Which Consternated every Sphere,
 And all the Heav'ns seem'd to be
 Struck with a Fit of Agony,
 A noise i'th' Element was heard,
 Which made the trembling Earth afraid ;
 Then Instantly all was serene,
 The Fogs dispers'd themselves again :
 Phæbus appear'd i'th' Horrison,
 Forc'd in Career by Phaeton ;
 Then Jove appear'd with all his Train,
 And Neptune with the Gods o'th' Main ;
 Then all the rest in Order came :
 Circling themselves, the Earth they grac'd,
 And Jove was in their Center plac'd.

First they consider'd Silvia's Case,
 And call'd the Lovers Face to Face :
 Each spoke the Passion of his Heart,
 And she did hers to each impart.

After

After a great and long Debate
 Concerning who should be her Mate;
 At length they all agreed that she
 Should unto *Cards* transformed be;
 And all the Four should play a Game
 At *Leu*, for to decide the same:
Jove wav'd his Awful Scepter, and
 To all the rest he gave Command,
 That each of them should keep his Station,
 And see the amazing Transformation.

First she seem'd Yellow, Wan, and Pale;
 Then from each Finger drop'd a Nail:
 Her Body shak'd with great surprize,
 Whilst Fire darted from her Eyes;
 Off drop'd her Head, as if afraid
 By th' other Parts it was betray'd:
 Surprisingly her Snowy Chest
 Dissected was below her Breast:
 Her Int'rals, and some other Parts,
 Metamorphiz'd were to *Hearts*;
 Her Fingers *Diamonds* became;
 Her Toes and Thumbs assum'd the same;
 Her Hair was chang'd, each Lock was Made,
 By falling off her Head, a *Spade*;
 Her Teeth were *Clubs*, and from her Heart
Pam, or th' Knave o'th' same did start;
 Her Legs and Arms converted were
 Three unto *Stools*, the Fourth a *Chair*;

Her Belly did appear to be
 Colour like to *Ebony*.
 Thus chang'd, a Table it became,
 On which the Lords might play the Game,
 And try their Fortune for the same.

Lord *Victor* first assum'd the *Chair*,
 The others *Stools*; but now you'll hear,
 They Lift to Deal, Lord *Victor* must
 First Deal the *Cards*, and be most Just;
 In Dealing he gave each his Share,
 First three to all, then each a Pair;
 Not liking some they change 'em too,
 As Custom is at *Lanktry-Loo*;
 The Trump that turn'd up was a *Spade*,
 And four of them Lord *Vanus* had;
Dorastus thought himself secure,
 Having the *Ace*, the *King* and *Four*;
Stephanus was as bold as he,
 Not doubting but to Beat the Three;
 A Flush of *Hearts* he'd in his Hand,
 A noble Chance for him to stand:
 Lord *Victor* chang'd, and up there came,
 His Chance, a Flush of *Trumps* and *Pam*,
 Which put an end unto the Game.

The *Stools* and *Tables*, as it's said,
 Run round the Room to seek the Head;
 The *Chair* was Dancing all the while;
 Her *Lips* were seen to yield a Smile;

The *Spades* were Curled Locks again;
 Her *Chest* clos'd up, that Split in twain;
 Each *Diamond* re-assum'd its place,
 Her lovely Hands and Feet to Grace;
 The *Clubs* run to her Ruby Lips;
 Two of the *Stools* joyn'd to her Hips;
 The other *Stool*, and *Victor's* Chair,
 Each other Cours'd, in full Career,
 About the Room, until they came
 To th' Shoulders, where they joyn'd the same:
Pam as swift as *Cupid's* Dart,
 Run down her Throat into her Heart,
 And Instantly he there perceiv'd
 This Metamorphose had retriev'd
 Not only her prime Beauty, but
 Of Graces an Addition to't:
Ye Gods, said he, *I do implore,*
Since its my due, you will bestow her
On me, who have so freely gave
My Heart and all to be her Slave.
 They knowing her to be his due,
 And likewise of their Justice too,
 They all with shouting Voices cry'd,
Fair Silvia shall be Victor's Bride.

me :
A N
ENCOMIUM
U P O N
HARLIQUINE,
General *Wood's* HORSE!

W Hilst Flat'ring Poets force their Eloquence,
And screw their Rhimes beyond all common
[Sense,
To agrandize the Deeds, and sing the Praise,
And by their loft Muse they strive to raise
His Lordship's Honour to the highest Pitch,
And only flatter him, because he's Rich:
Whilst others do become mere *Parasites*,
And with their Muse do spur our Generous Knights;
Whilst such do spend their time to praise Great Men,
In hopes to fill their Bellies by the Pen,

I did employ some part of precious Time,
 In Writing poor, insipid, paultry Rhime
 To sing the Praise of noble *Harliquine*.
 When Proud Insulting Foes Invasion made
 On *England's* Liberty, Her Laws, and Trade,
 And broach'd *Hibernian* War, and strove to bring,
 And make us subject to a *Romish* King,
 Then was the time, most noble *Harlequine*,
 That thou was seen to cross the famous *Boyme* :
 Tho' Squadrons bent their Force against thy Breast,
 And thought to turn about thy noble Crest,
 Yet didst thou scorn to turn thy Tail unto
 The *Gallick* Force, or *Irish* Hallaloo :
 But to the Guarded Gates thou didst pursue,
 Thou was in Action when the numerous Foe
 Receiv'd at *Brittus* total Overthrow,
 And hadst him on thy Back who gave the Blow :
 When *Olive-Branch* appear'd, and Wars did cease,
 And fam'd *Hibernia* Crown'd with wellcome Peace,
 Then high Disputes arose concerning *Spain*,
 And *Europe* was Embroil'd in Wars again :
 But Honour call'd, and thou didst soon Obey,
 And shew'dst thy willingness, by pleasing Neigh,
 To push once more thy Glory to pursue,
 And plant thy Lawrels in *Germania* too :
Hockstedt will ne'er forget thy Noble Name,
 And *Donawert* will always sing thy Fame :
 Thy Actions far surpass Great *Cesar's* Horse,
 And *Pegasus* more slow to run his Course :
 Nor had *Bucephalus* more lofty Pride,
 Whom mighty *Alexander* us'd to stride.

Altho'

Altho' thou art now grown Old, yet in thy Gate

Thou do'st preserve a grave Majestick State.

If Annimals have Vertues, then there be

Virtues uncommon Inherent still in thee,

Which Virtues do surpass, and far out-shine

Thy Fellow Annimals, if plac'd with thine,

Most Noble, War-like, Lofty *Harlequine*.

E 3

Fortune

Altho'

Fortune Revers'd :

O R, T H E

Minister's FAMILY Ruin'd

THE Parson 's Dead, *Death* was unkind
To snatch him hence, and leave behind
His Widow with disturbed Mind
Possessed :

She who demanded Tythe from *Sow*,
'And from *Church-Warden* claim'd a Bow,
She must submit, 'cause she is now
Distressed.

She who at a *Christening-Feast*
Could Prate, and Prattle with the Best,
And be as apt to break a Jest
As any :

'And in the Parson's Life-time she
Receiv'd from all the bended Knee,
And Treated with Civility
By many.

Church

Church-Warden's Wife, to say the Truth,
 Would Curtsie make, and say, *forsooth*,
Come to my House, I'll please your Tooth
With Dainties :

And *Farmer's* Wife would Curtsie make,
 And Honour her for Parson's sake,
 And Presents make, against the *Wake*,
 In Plenty.

Each *Teoman's* Wife, in *Lent*, would bring
 A good *Cod-Fish*, or piece of *Ling*,
 A *Turkey-Cock*, or such like thing,
 To Feast her :

The *Jones* and *Dolls*, and Country *Megs*,
 And *Jack* and *Tom*, came making Legs,
 Each brings a Basket fill'd with Eggs
 At *Easter* :

But now the Parson's gone from Home,
 He'll not return till Day of Doom;
 Another's placed in his Room,
 And Teaching :

The Parson's Wife she is forgot,
 There comes no more for *Spit* or *Pot*,
 And this is all that she has got,
 By Preaching.

His pretty Daughter, as it's said,
 At *Boarding-School* was nicely Bred,
 As e'er was any Country Maid,
 At *Chetley*:

A nimble Fellow came from *France*,
 Of whom she Learn'd to Sing and Dance,
Caper, Fall-Back, and Advance
 Most neatly.

He likewise Taught her many a Song,
 And shew'd her Pricks both short and long,
 And how to stop a Hole when Young,
 And shake it:

He Learn'd her how to Tune a *Lute*,
 And likewise how to handle *Plute*,
 Most willingly, when she cou'd do't,
 She'd take it:

She Made *Point*, and she could *Sew*,
Raise Passe as other Ladies do,
 And knew what e'er was fit to know,
 To Grace her:

But in the midst of all her Pride;
 Alack-a-day, her Father Dy'd,
 She Fainting fell, the Ladies cry'd
Unlace her:

Then coming to herself, says she,
Am strip'd of all my Bravery:
My Father's Dead who gave to me
My Learning.

What shall I do? Where shall I run?
My Father's Dead, and Friends I've none:
I'm left unto my self alone
This Morning.

But being Youthful, Brisk, and Gay,
 Her Beauty suff'ring no decay,
 She packs up her Cloaths, and comes away
 To th' City.

When there, she Wash'd, and Lick'd her Face
 With Paint, to give't a Courtly Grace,
 Hoping some one might her Embrace
 For Pitty.

All was the same, though she lay down
 Upon the Floor, or Bed of Down,
 She never wou'd refuse a Crown
 For Riging:

She'd every Day walk once or twice
 Near to the Park for Wine and Ice,
 At Night give Beveridge a Sife
 For Jiging.

She long did use this *Venus Trade*,
 And past to Strangers for a Maid,
 'Till *Fortune* prov'd to her a Jade,
 In *Fino*;

A Handsome, Comely, Proper Man,
 Meeting her, he made a stand,
 Offering her, with Hat in Hand,
 Some *Rino*.

This Gentleman, as some report,
 Had all the Breeding of the Court,
 And had an Itching Mind too Sport
 With *Cloris* :

But, lack-a-day, she knew him not,
 He was a *Levite's* Son, and got
 Lately, something Piping-Hot,
 Near *Story's*;

Which he as freely did transmit
 To her, at Tavern near the *Pit*,
 Which forced her to a Spitting-Fit,
 To Ease her.

Her Room was dark, the Windows close,
 For three Weeks she took no Repose,
 And yet there was no Doctor's Dose
 Would please her.

All her *Silks* and *Furbelows*,
 And *Silver-Lace* about her Toes,
 They all were Sold to save her Nose
 From falling.

Yet she does Ramble at her Will,
 And with *Tarpaulins* Kifs and Bill
 In *Wapping*, where she follows still
 Her Calling.

His Son was sent to *Brazen-Nose*,
 To learn to Preach, but no one knows
 How this poor Lad will compass Cloaths,
 Or Eating;

To Lend him Money all refuse;
 The *Cobler* will not Mend his Shoes,
 And Friends, to hear this dismal News,
 Retreating.

Phylosophy, and all its Rules,
 He pass'd, and divers other Schools,
 And learn'd to prove the Wife were Fools
 By *Logick*;

And how to prove the Living, Dead;
 Or that *Roast-Beef* was *Barly-Bread*;
 Or that a Kick upon your Head
 Was no Kick.

He could by *Logick* prove a *Mouse*
 Was *Dog*, or *Cat*, or that a *Louse*
 Was bigger far than any *House*
 In *London*.

But now his *Logick* Phraife is fled
 And lost, since *ejus Pater's* Dead,
 Whose Pockets with *Argentum Fled*,
 He's Undone.

He leaves his *Studies*, comes to *Town*,
 And there he rambles up and down;
 Sometimes a *Friend* gives him a *Crown*
 For's *Pocket*:

He then runs to an *Ale-House*, where
 He sits him down, and calls for *Beer*;
 And who d'ye think should see him there
 But *Dogget*.

Sir, said he, *I think your Wit*
Is Genuine, and very fit
To make something to please the Fit,
A Play, Sir:

Then up he Starts, and makes a *Bow*,
 A *Country* one, I know not how,
 And takes his leave of him, and now
 Away, Sir.

So Home he goes, and aims to Write
 A Tragedy, but spoils it quite:
 His Play is Damn'd, and he out-right
 Distracted:

So now his Pains and Labour's lost,
 But something else disturbs him most,
 It is a Debt he to his Host
 Contracted.

But being bold, and nothing fearing,
 He makes assay at Pamphletering,
 He Writes the Truth, but too much Jeering
 The mighty:

For which he is to *Newgate* sent,
 And for deserved Punishment,
 He is deny'd the Nourishment,
Sæ Vita.

And when the Justice Day is come,
 He is oblig'd to follow *Drum*;
 Discharge his *Pen*, and Load his *Gun*,
 And Prime it:

Now he has learn'd the Exercise,
 To *Shoulder*, *Charge*, to *Rest*, to *Poise*,
 To *Club*, and *Face* like other Boys,
 He'll time it.

Now he can *Hector*, *Swear*, and *Lye*,
 Stand *Kick* and *Cuff*, and *Cog a Die*,
 Or Fight the *Bullys* standing by,
 At Tilting :

Now he can *Sing*, and *Rant*, and *Roar*,
 Demand the *Rino* from a *Whore*,
 Or else he'll Kick her out of Door
 For Jilting.

This he has learn'd in *Marshal-School*,
 To Fight, according to the Rule,
 With Sword, or any War-like Tool,
 When Time is :

Had he remain'd at *Brazen-Nose*,
 He ne'er had known what now he knows,
 And might ha' been Bare-Ars'd, wanting Cloaths,
Sic Finis.

Roar

v

fu

W

A

Som

Has

A GREAT
BATTLE
FOUGHT BETWEEN
ROAN,
G---l L--y's Turn-Spit,
AND
ROYAL GEN.

THE
ARGUMENT.

Roan being Drunk with Geneva, left his Service, and Sold Geneva about the Camp till such time as he became a Bankrupt.

WHO can but pittty poor unhappy Roan,
That's no Man's Enemy unless his own :
Some say his Office was but Mean ; yet Fate
Has plac'd some others in a lower State :

For

For *Roan* was plac'd i'th' *Kitchen*, and his Post,
 Or Daily Office, was to rule the *Roast* :
 He was the *Primum Mobile* to turn
 The Spits like *Speres* about, lest *Flesh* should burn :
Superintendant, and the *Overseer*
 O'th' *Racks* and *Tongs*, and all the *Kitchen Geer* ;
 Lord *Baron Stove*, and Knight o'th' *Dripping-Pan*,
 And bore a mighty Sway o'er * *Mary Ann* ;
 Master o'th' *Faggot-Pile*, and had the Charge
 O'th' *Coals* ; and his Commission ran at large,
 To Chase away all *Curs* who durst presume
 To come into his *Precincts*, the *Cooking-Room*.

These were his high Commands ; but to pursue,
 His Table was Inferiour unto few ;
 For *Roan* had many a choice and dainty Bit,
 Things scarce, Things dear, Things rare, *videlicet*.
 He had *Pease* in *May*, and *Lamb* at *Candlemas*,
 And in *December* *Roan* had *Sparragrass* ;
Green-Geese, and *Gooseberry-Sauce* and *Mackril*,
 And other Things more rare in *April* ;
Turkeys of two Months Old, and for *Deserts*
 He'd *Nectarines*, *Apricots*, and *Cherry-Tarts* :
 Nor did his Table fail, amongst the rest,
 Of Joints of Fatted *Calf*, and *Mutton's Breast* ;
Venison he had by Wholesale, *Ducks* and *Cocks*,
Plumb-Pudding too, and Roasted *Loins* of *Ox* ;

His

* The Woman that wash'd the Dishes.

His Table wanted nothing fit to Eat;
 Nor *Fish*, nor *Fowl*, or any sort of *Meat*,
 But stored with Rarities, and was compleat.

Yet *Roan*, as by his Looks a Man may guess,
 In Eatables ne'er plac'd his Happiness:
 His chiefest Pride and Love consisted in
 The Liquid Gutt'ral Substance, *Royal Gen*;
 Brother to *Brandy*, tho' the Younger Twin:
 And when his Flesh was Scorch'd with burning
 [Heat,

And's greasie Part dissolv'd itself in Sweat,
 When his poor Skin was parch'd, and look'd as
 [Red

As Hide of Roasted *Pig*, or Toasted *Bread*,
 Then, 'cause his *Lungs*, his *Liver*, and his *Heart*
 With's *Flesh* and *Skin* should bear an equal part,
 He'd call a Cup of noble *Royal Gen*,
 And take it down to Stew himself within;
 But took too large a Dose at his Expences,
 Which Tore his Purse, and Stupify'd his Senses;
 Burnt and destroy'd his Cloaths, then did ascend,
 And bred a Civil-War in's Upper-End;
 Lull'd Sense asleep, made *Pericranum* dull,
 Plunder'd his Brain, so left an empty Skull;
 Cramp'd his Judgment, beat him from his Post,
 And plac'd a *Flanderkin* to rule the Roast.

His But *Roan*, whose Courage ne'er was known to
 [fail,
 Resolved to make Reprisal, or to Goal:

So he attack'd the mighty *Gen*, and took
 And made him Prisoner with Silver Hook,
 And has Confined him from the Light o'th' *Sun*,
 Within the small Precincts of *Little-Tun* :
 But *Roan* is Cautious how he lets him out,
 For fear of being attack'd the other *Bout*.
Gen s in Captivity, and must remain
 A Slave to *Roan*, and *Roan* he must maintain,
 Till he's restor'd him to his Post again.

Cupid

Cupid Abdicated:

BEING A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CUPID and a CAPTAIN;

SHEWING,

The Folly of LOVE, and the Honour
that is gain'd by WAR.

Cupid. **T**ELL me, rash Youth, what means this base
[Retreat?

Why now so Frigid? Where's thy wonted Heat?

Advance once more; with Courage take the Field;

Attack with kind Amours to make her yield.

Captain. Who's that which Speaks? Cupid. *It's*

[me my Darling Boy;

I am the Introducer of thy Joy.

Capt. Then is thy Name *Great Mars*, or dost thou
[bear

Bellona's Name, who Goddess is of *War*?
Or art thou Mighty *Alexander's* Ghost;
Or Captain-General of *Brittain's* Host?
Or else art thou the Mighty Prince *Eugene*?
Or what's thy Name? Or what is't you mean?

Cupid. Hast thou so soon forgot thy Sou'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'st to yield Obedience?
Cupid's my Name: I can by Title prove
My self to be th' adored God of Love;
And was ador'd, and worship'd once by thee;
To me thou took'st an Oath of Fealty,
Of true Obedience, and of Loyalty.

Cap. Oh! Master *Cupid*, is it you? I own
I was your Subject once, but now I'm none.

Cupid. What! not my Subject, base Deserting Knave?
Dost rather fancy to become a Slave
Unto a Prince, whose Subjects ev'ry Hour
Submit themselves to Arbitrary Power,
Whilst mine do Live most free, and unconfin'd,
Without the Limits of a Prince's Mind:
Whose Will's his Law, what he Commands he'll have,
And Triumphs over those he makes his Slaves:
Then do, rash Youth, let me the reason know
Why *Cupid* is become thy mortal Foe?
Or what it was induc'd thy feeble Heart
To run away, and act the Coward's part?

Capt.

Capt. I'll let thee know, Oh! cruel *Cupid*, why,
 And what the Reason was that made me fly:
 And why I have with *Cupid* broke my Word;
 And why exchang'd thy Service for a Sword.
 First, mighty *Cupid*, thou didst give Command,
 That I should Kifs the Lady *Silvia*'s Hand,
 And that thou would'st pierce her with wounding
 [Dart,

And force her to surrender me her Heart;
 Thy Orders I did execute, and I
 Did pass her Door, and as I passed by
 I saw a Glimpse of *Silvia* peeping thro'
 The Chrifstian Glass, as she was wont to do,
 Which piercing Sight methought did wound my
 [Heart,

And warmer made my Blood thro' ev'ry Part:
 I gaz'd, and look'd, but gently passing by,
 And not content, turn'd back again to 'spy;
 My Heart did guide my Eyes, I did behold
 A Charming Female (of the finest Mould)
 Thro' open Casement, nothing left to screen
 Her Beauty from my Eyes, not *Fan* between,
 Nor *Mask* or *Glove*, nor the approaching Night,
 Nor Foggy Mists, did intercept my Sight:
 Then I beheld with eager Eyes, and gaz'd;
 Like one that's Thunder-struck, I stood amaz'd,
 And thought it was some Angel from Above,
 Or that she might the Goddess be of *Love*;
 I view'd her Face, examin'd ev'ry Part,
 And found it had receiv'd no *Painter's* Art:

Her Face was somewhat Oval, Plump, and Clear,
 And on her Chin a dimple did appear :
 Her Cheeks were void of Artificial Red,
 But were by that of Nature over-spread :
 Her Lips, her Nose, her Mouth, each had its Grace,
 And right proportion'd were unto her Face.
 But Oh ! her Piercing Eyes (which darting Fire)
 Did raise the Extacy of Love the higher ;
 They pierc'd my yielding Heart by Magick spray,
 Lull'd Sense asleep, and bore the Prize away.
 While I stood gazing on her lovely Face,
 She turn'd about her Head with such a Grace
 As would transported *Jove*, had he been there,
 And made his *Juno* drop a Jealous Tear :
 Had ridged *Monk*, or strict *Cathusian Fryar*,
 But seen this Sight, 't had set their Hearts on Fire ;
 And they'd have thrown aside the sacred Robes,
 And Cloath'd themselves with Nice and Beauish
 [Modes ;
 Forsake their Vows, and *Libertines* become,
 And hazard Banishment from *Christendome*,
 And for her sake renounce the Church of *Rome*.
 Then, how could I do less than Sacrifice
 My Heart to *Silvia's* lovely charming Eyes,
 Which had the attracting Power to surprize ?
 Whilst I thus gaz'd, methought her Eyes did dart
 Themselves on me, to wound again my Heart :
 Then I, like *Dedalus*, presum'd to fly
 With Wings of Love, to mount me up on high ;
 I lifted up a Foot, and spread my Arms,
 And thought to fly to her attracting Charms :

I strove to mount, in vain, but quickly found
 My Body was too Gross, and on the Ground,
 In nasty Kennel, where I lay a while,
 Till peeping up I saw my *Silvia* Smile;
 I took it for a Token of her Grace,
 Which made me nimbly mount from dirty Place;
 Then made a Bow, and tofs'd my Wig about;
 Nay, kiss'd my Hand, and lug'd my *Snuff-Box* out;
 I took a Pinch, then made a Pensive Motion,
 And beat my Breast like *Spaniard* at Devotion:
 Whilst I thus made these Antick Tricks i'th' Street,
 She turn'd about, and made a soft retreat.
 Thus vanish'd from my Sight, I, like the *Dove*,
 Did mourn the Absence of my wish'd for Love:
 My Heart receiv'd a Fainting from each Pore,
 And my poor Body too was seiz'd all o'er
 With Cold, and Trembling, unaccustom'd Heats,
 Now Cold as *Ice*, and then with melting Sweats,
 And all my Frame of Nature seem'd to be
 Revers'd, and seiz'd with shaking Agony:
 My Longing, Wishing Eyes o'er-flow'd with Tears,
 And Panting Heart receiv'd uncommon Fears:
 And as the *Provis-Rose*, which seems to Mourn,
 Shuts up its Leaf i'th' Absence of the *Sun*,
Silvia's retreat on me did work the same,
 Shut up my Heart in Grief, and tortur'd Pain:
 I stay'd expecting she'd return again,
 And gaz'd with Longing Eyes, but all in vain;
 For she with-drew herself, as I suppose,
 To nourish Nature by a soft Repose:

I waited till the wakeful *Watchman* said,
Past Twelve a Clock ; then I went Home to Bed ;
 No sooner was I lay'd, but there arose
 A mighty Storm, my Rest to discompose ;
 A Sea of Love I found within my Breast,
 With swelling Billows to disturb my Rest :
 I then Invok'd the Great and Mighty *Jove*,
 To cease this Hurricane of Wracking Love :
 My Senses too, like *Sailers*, play'd their part,
 Apply'd their Skill, Dexterity, and Art,
 Then put in use a large *Somnif'rus* Pill,
 And strove to furl the Main-Sail of my Will.
 Like *Boatswain*, *Pericranium* gave Command,
 And plac'd at the *Helm* a Skillful Hand,
 Who put his Art in use, but all in vain,
 Such Surges rose on my disturbed Brain :
 I roll'd, and turn'd, and tofs'd about the Bed,
 And call'd on thee, Great *Cupid*, too for Aid :
 Ten thousand times I strove, this tedious Night,
 To drive her lovely Idea from my Sight :
 I thought it long *Sol* had obscur'd his Face,
 And call'd on *Phosphorus* to mend his Pace :
 I wish'd my self a thousand times to be
 On *Ætna's* Top, or in the Frozen Sea,
 Under the Pole, or near the Torrid Zone,
 Among the *Turks*, nay, in the World unknown ;
 Or any where, provided I might be
 Once more Unchain'd, and set at Liberty :
 I do confess thou did'st vouchsafe to send,
 To mitigate my Grief, a Female Friend.

Chear up, good Sir, said she, I understand
 You want to Kiss the Lady Silvia's Hand :
 Rouze up your Spirits, cast your Sorrows by,
 I'll kindly introduce thee to that Joy :
 But let me tell you, Sir, it's my Affair
 To go betwixt a Kind and Loving Pair ;
 And if the Female's Obstinate, I know
 How and which way to bring her to your Bow :
 If she be Stiff, and Stubborn to be bent ;
 I'll make her Flexible by Argument :
 If Covetous, I'll let her know that you
 Are Prince of Mexico and Rich Peru :
 If she's Affective, then I'll let her know
 You are a Great and Celebrated Beau :
 If she be Young, I'll soon perswade her to't ;
 If Old, I'm sure she'll not refuse to do't :
 If Beautiful, present a Diamond-Ring,
 A Watch beset with Pearls, or such like Thing :
 If she's Devout, besure observe her Motion,
 And bear her Company to her Devotion ;
 And as you pass the Poor bestow your Alms,
 And bear a Chorus with her, Singing Psalms :
 But if she's Wanton, work by other ways,
 Take her in your Coach to see the Plays ;
 Place her i'th' Box, where she affects to Sit
 To be admir'd by the Beaus i'th' Pit ;
 Then Tavern Treat her when the Play is done ;
 Conduet her to her House, and she's your own :
 And if she's Rich and Wary, then will I
 Exert my Rhetorick, and will imploy

*My strongest Arguments to work Persuasion,
 And Swear, and Lye, when e'er I find Occasion :
 I'll let her know your Parts, and that you've been
 Bred up to th' Common-Law at Lincolns-Inn ;
 A sober, solid Youth, of Parts and Worth,
 A Gentleman of high Extract, and Birth ;
 Handsome and Young, and fit to yield Delight,
 And Primo Genitor of Baron-knight :
 Then know, most Gen'rous Youth, I can perswade
 A Rich, a Coy, or any sort of Maid ;
 But when I serve a Youth, like you, of Sense,
 I do expect to have a Recompence.*

By all means ; said I, I stood not long,
 My Fingers were as nimble as her Tongue :
 I thrust my Hand in Pocket, and lug'd out
 Twenty Guineas I think, or there-about :
 Mistress Crafty, quoth I, be true to me ;
 See here is something for Detaining Fee.
 Go on ; Perswade, and when the Work is done,
 You may expect from me a greater Sum :
 Her willing Hand was ready to receive,
 And I as urgent she should take her leave :
 Away she went, I cry'd God speed the Plow ;
 Besure speak well of me, as you know how.
 Yes, yes, said she, and went away in haste ;
 No Doe was ever seen to run so fast.
 The Wonder-work Gold, I gave a guess,
 Was much addition to her Nimbleness :
 Then I invok'd again the Mighty Jove,
 T' inspire Silvia's Heart with Ardent Love:

I waited with Impatience and Concern,
 Expecting my Sollicitress's return :
 At length I saw her coming, then was I
 Puff'd up with Hopes, transported too with Joy :
 As soon as she drew near, I call'd, and said
 What News? What Tydings from the Charming
 [Maid?
 Will she admit of me to Visit her?
 Do'st think I may become a Conqueror?
 Make haste; express thy self; I long to hear :
 Don't keep me in suspense, 'twixt Hope and Fear.

*Hold; stay rash Youth, said she, first creep, then go,
 She's not with so much ease brought to your Bow :
 This Night a Publick Ball's kept in the Strand,
 Where you may have access to Silvia's Hand.*

Good News ; said I, in Person I'll be there,
 And please my self with Dancing with my Dear :
 Then nimbly mounting to my Dressing-Room,
 And taking from my Trunk a rich Perfume,
 To *Gloves* and *Handkerchief* it was apply'd,
 Unto my Coat, and other Cloaths beside ;
 My *Breeches* too, besprinkled were all o'er,
 To render me more taking than before :
 'Cause nothing should appear in me amiss,
 My Neighbour *Tonsor* came and smooth'd my Phiz ;
 In handsome Rings he Curl'd my Wig all round,
 And Powder'd it with more than half a Pound ;
 My *Footman* too, with rich and costly Lumps
 Of *Orange-Butter*, greas'd my Dancing-Pumps ;

My

My Legs were grac'd with *Scarlet*, circled round
 With *Gold-Galloom*, with Tossels hanging down ;
 Nor was I Drefs'd until my *Sword* was ty'd
 With rich Embroider'd Zone unto my Side ;
 Nor was my *Sword* compleat untill the Hilt
 (Which was of finest *Silver* double Gilt)
 Was grac'd with *Ribbons*, pendant to my Knee,
 And bunch'd above, as *A-la-mode Paris* ;
 Nor did I want my Modern fashion'd *Muff*,
 Nor *Poynt Cravat* in Pleats like Antient Ruff :
 I being thus Equip'd, approach'd the *Glass*,
 And view'd my *Legs*, my *Body*, and my *Face*,
 And thought there seem'd in me that Mean and Air,
 And Comely Grace, enough to Charm the Fair :
 And then retreating from the *Glass*, I heard
 My *Coachman* call, and *Ready* was the Word.
 My *Char'ot* being ready, down I came,
 And with Activity did mount the same ;
 Nor did I want a Sett of Links to show
 The World I was no common sort of Beau.
 Drive on my Lad, said I, God speed the *Plow* ;
 She can't Resistance make ; have at her now.
 No sooner had I gave my Man Command,
 But it was executed, Whip in Hand ;
 My *Horses* seem'd as willing to improve
 Those happy Minutes granted me to Love :
 They seem'd to Sympathize, and bear a part
 With me in Love, as if they knew my Heart ;
 They ran in full Career, and tore along,
 So forc'd their Passage thro' the mighty Throng,

As if they were possess'd with Jealousie;
 They threw down all the thought might Rival me.
Xanthus and *Æthon* could no faster run,
 Who draws the Char'ot of the glor'ous *Sun* :
 Nor had *Bucephalus* more lofty Pride,
 Whom mighty *Alexander* us'd to Ride.
 Few Moments being pass'd, my Gilded Sphere
 (Which was drove on by Love in full Career)
 Finish'd that present Course, and came before
 The wish'd for Place, the celebrated Door;
 Alighting from my *Coach*, I did presume
 To move *Gradatim* to the *Dancing-Room* :
 Air, *Hopes* led the Van, and order'd *Panick-Fear*
 To be immur'd with rude *Despair* i'th' Rear :
 Ent'ring the Room, I look'd about, and saw
 A Multitude, all Subjects to thy Law,
 All Bound, and Fetter'd fast by thy Command,
 Like miserable Captives, Hand to Hand;
 But yet methought it was a pleasing Sight,
 To see them hug their Chains with such Delight,
 Which made me look, and gaze the Room about,
 And seek to find the Lady *Silvia* out :
 I view'd each Female's Face, but could not find
 The Sov'reign Balm for my Distrected Mind,
 Till at the length my Eyes (by happy Chance)
 Mov'd towards the Door, and saw her to Advance,
 Then were my Senses Charm'd to see her Face,
Fear was Cashier'd, and *Hope* possess'd its Place :
 The *Musick* striking up with Airy Tunes,
 Both *Boreys*, *Minevees*, and *Regadoons*,

I did presume to touch her lovely Hand,
 And Swore my self to be at her Command;
 Madam, said I, let me the Favour crave,
 That you would Dance with me, your Captive

[Slave

At which she Blush'd, and Pausing stood a while,
 Then granted my Demand, and with a Smile:
 Being thus agreed, we made assay to Dance
 A Foreign *Mineve*, 'twas made in *France*;
 But *French*, or *Spanish*, or from *Italy*,
Scotch, *Dutch*, or *English*, 'twas the same to me:
 I kept no Time t' th' Tune, nor knew I when
 To Slip, or Slide, or turn about agen;
 But still observ'd, and made it all my Care
 To turn and gaze upon the Charming Fair,
 Who, like a Goddess, mov'd with such a Grace,
 Enough to Charm a *Jove*, if in my Place:
 She kept due time, and did by Judgment move,
 But my dull Motion still was tim'd by Love;
 She Danc'd, I follow'd her, till at the length,
 Tho' Time seem'd short to me, she fail'd of Strength
 So we betook ourselves unto our Stools
 To see a Dance perform'd by other Fools.

The *Ball* being at an End, I did presume
 To wait on *Silvia* to her Lodging-Room;
 Nor did I fail my Passion to discover,
 With all the Symptoms of a Wounded Lover;
 I Sighing, said 'twas she I did adore;
 I grasp'd her Hand, and Kiss'd it o'er and o'er;

And lug'd it to my Breast, where lay the Pain,
 Then with Submission kiss'd it o'er again,
 And Vow'd, and Swore a thousand times to be
 Servant and Slave to none but only she.
 My Dear, said I, I humbly do conceive
 You'll term it Rudeness, if I ask your leave
 To pay my Visits, now and then to show
 How much I do to *Love* and *Beauty* Owe.
 Her Answer favour'd of a Non-Consent;
 Yet in her Eyes I read Encouragement:
 I, like the bold Besieger, then wrought on
 To raise a Work to plant my Guns upon:
 I Fortify'd this Work with Eloquence,
 And drew a Parallel of fair pretence;
 My *Gabions* too were fill'd with noble Birth,
 Not like the vulgar Sort with common Earth;
 The *Batt'ries* being rais'd, I did begin
 To play upon her Eyes, her Lips, and Chin;
 Nor would I suffer her to take her Rest,
 But threw my *Hand-granades* into her Breast;
 Yet she repuls'd me thrice, by divers ways,
 And beat me from the *Horn-Work* of her *Stays*;
 I seeing this, resolv'd once more to try
 To mollify her Heart, or else to Die;
 So I made Tryal of an am'rous Muse,
 With all the melting Language Poets use;
 But yet my Rhimes on her had no effect,
 I might as well have wrote in *Arabeck*;
 I put in use once more my ready Quill,
 And drew an Abstract of my Father's Will,

Which

Which shew'd I had a Country-House at *Lannum*,
 Well Tenanted, at Ninety Pounds *per Annum*,
 Besides another Farm of twice that worth;
 I being Heir at Law, it came by Birth,
 Which I'd instate on her for term of Life,
 If she'd consent to be my lawful Wife;
 That was not all, I'd Goods and Chattels too,
 With Walks of stately Oaks as ever grew:
 My Granfyr *Fox*, Deceas'd, had scrap'd together
 A good round Sum he'd got by *Tanning Leather*;
 His Barns were cram'd with Bark, and left besides
 A Stock of Hair, and Pits well fill'd with Hides;
 With Bonds, and Leases, *Item*, many a Bill;
 And all his Worth he left to me by Will:
 But 'twas in vain to Write of stored Barns,
 Of Bills, and Bonds, or Mortgages, or Farms,
 Of stately Promenades, or Country-House,
 She'd not atall consent to be my Spouse.
 I Mortgag'd *Lannum* Farm, with all its Grounds,
 For a Thousand one Hundred and Ninety Pounds,
 To purchase for her rich and costly Things,
 As *Jewels, Lockets, Watch, and Diamond-Rings*;
 Which she receiv'd, yet this Ungrateful Maid,
 With whom I was in Love, and thus betray'd,
 Made no return of Love, but still I found
 Instead of Ease, the deeper still the Wound;
 I then reflecting on the Scorn and Pride
 Of the I so long Courted for a Bride:
 Which if possess'd, I might, perhaps, like some
 Been Crown'd with th' usual marks of Cuckoldom:

And

And be a Subject to her Pride and Scorns,
 And, *Aſæon* like, submit my ſelf to Horns;
 And forc'd to ſneak into a Corner when
 She Lends my proper Goods to other Men;
 Nor ask that civil Queſtion, where haſt been,
 Or in what Company have you been in?
 Nor when ſhe Viſits, limit her to time;
 Or when ſhe Scolds, to ſay it is a Crime:
 When ſhe Commands, my Purſe muſt ready be
 To furniſh her with *A-la-mode Paris*:
 If not, ſhe Frowns, ſhe Pouts, and there's no Peace,
 And her Out-rag'ous Tongue will never ceaſe,
 Till *Gold*, the ſov'reign Baſam, gives it Eaſe.
 Theſe Thoughts broke off the Chains, and ſet me free
 From *Love's* commanding Power and Drudgery,

I left the fooliſh Toy call'd *Love* to thoſe
 Who for Dame *Venus* hazard loſs of Noſe.
 I heard Great *Mars* to call, and I Obey'd,
 And enter'd Volunteer for *Britain's* Aid;
 And ſince which time my Stars have been moſt kind,
 And nothing now runs counter to my Mind:
 Here I live Eaſy, Uncontroul'd, and Free,
 And Great *Bellona* ſeems to favour me;
 My Lawrels now are Flouriſhing and Green,
 And my Deſerts are Water'd by the Queen:
 Here I raiſe Trophies to Poſterity,
 And thoſe that hear my Fame do honour me:
 Here's no affected Look, no Scring, no Scrape,
 No need of whining Words, or monkey Gape,

No Watch, no Ring, or other glitt'ring Toy,
 To force Good Humour in a She that's Coy :
 No Jealous Thoughts do now disturb my Breast,
 Or fear of her Displeasure curbs my Rest;
 No Waiting-Maid to Bribe, or Coach to Pay,
 Or Seranading Charges to Defray :
 My Moments sweetly slide away by Night,
 Whilst sprightly Trumpets charm me with Delight :
 With Fellow Officers I build a Bowl,
 Whilst Drums and Musick elevate my Soul;
 My Sword's a Spouse more constant than a Bride,
 And always true and trusty by my Side,
 It will espouse my Cause, when e'er I meet
 With Sturdy, ill-bred Rascals in the Street,
 And make thy puny Slaves to fly before
 Its piercing Point, or pin them to the Door.
 Then who would be thy Slave, I'm sure not I,
 I'd rather by a *Gallick* Hand to Die :
 But I am none, nor will I ever be
 To such a Mercenary Prince as thee;
 Let who will such become, Great *Mars* for me.

T H E

THE
HUMOUR
OF A
Country Election.

AT the time of the Year when Cittizens Wives
Do flock to the *Wells*, to preserve their dear
[Lives

With Purgative *Salts*, to force them to Pissing,
And make their Receptacles sweeter for Kissing:
When their *Buff* colour'd Daughters kept a great
[Pother,

By Urine, to whiten themselves with their Mothers,
Whilst their Hornify'd Fathers, who love to be stir-
[ring,
Were mounted on *Kepbills*, with Whipping and Spur-
[ring,

As fierce as *Knight-Errands*, for none can be bolder
Than he that's intit'led to be a *Freeholder*;
Whilst trotting they were to Counties respective,
To give in their Votes for the Members Elective,

I at that time did take an Occasion
 To trudge to a Town in the West of our Nation, }
 For better Sounds sake it is call'd Corporation: }
 Then cocking my Beaver, I boldly did venter
 To a noble fine Inn, in the great Market's Center,
 I call'd to the Drawer for *Bread*, and for *Cheese*,
 Who answering, said, *You may have what you please.*
I believe, by your Garb, you're a Gentleman bred,
So I'll tell you the Truth, and no more's to be said:
Here's Chickens, and Rabbits, and a delicate Dish
Of Venson that's Roasted, and all sorts of Fish;
Beer by whole Tuns, and Wine that will Fox-ye,
Drink if you please untill you are Bosky:
Sir John and his Worship are pleased, this Day,
To treat all that comes, and they nothing must pay.

Is it so then, said I, since all Things are Gratis,
 I'll stuff out my *Wem*, my *Paunch* shall have *Satis*:
 The Drawer I took at first for a Jester,
 Yet nevertheless I tip'd him a Teaster.
 He Smilingly took it, and usher'd me in
 To a Gluttonous Place, to a Room full of Sin:
 Such Company sure I never did fall-in:
 His Worship, the *Mayor*, was a *Weaver* by Calling, }
 I thought him a *Lawyer*, he kept such a Bawling: }
 The Aldermen sat most demurely to hear
 What the Oracle spoke from the Worshipful Chair.

Says he, *This Zur John is a well-spoken Mon*
As onny i'th' Country, deny it who con:

He's

*He's woundily Witty; they say he did Tauk,
 In the Parliament-House about Taxing of Chauk :
 And if it be so; then, Neighbours, we must
 Ne'er buy onny Chauk, nor give onny Trust;
 Then Trading will mend, God blefs him he spoke on't,
 But there is some others, they say make a Joke on't :
 They say he's Low-Church, let um say what they*

[please,

*He's an honest good Mon; their Tongues will ne'er cease }
 Till they're brought before me, I'm a Justice of Peace. }*

*That's true, honest Brother, quoth Alderman Snobe,
 Some People they equalize wou'd us with Job :
 Let me tell ye, dear Brethren, it is my Zuppinion,
 There's reason in Roasting an Egg or an Onion :
 Then who wou'd not give their Voices for such Men
 As are true to the Queen, and woundy good Church-*

[men :

*I love not those Men that do Church it on Zunday,
 And, Hypocrite like, to a Bandy-House on Monday.
 No, no, nor I, quoth Old Alderman Tanner,
 Zatan bath Liffed' such under his Banner.
 Let me tell ye, there's some about the great Zitty
 Of London are Wicked, the more is the pitty :
 Here's a Health to Zur John, chill gulge it however,
 And his Worship, the 'Squire, we'll put um together :
 May they Live, may they Thrive, and prosper for ever }
 Bravely perform'd, says the Clerk of the Town,
 I'll pledge it my self tho' it flies in my Crown.*

The Clerk Sings.

With a Bumper in my Hand,
 And my Knee to the Ground,
 And so let this Health
 Go merrily round.

*These are the Men
 That made us good Laws;
 And such Men as these
 Shall have our Applause.*

*Long Live the 'Squire,
 And likewise Zur John;
 Drink their Healths,
 Toss the Glass every one.*

*Vollow me, vollow me,
 Do as I have done,
 Till Wine makes our
 Vaces shine like the Zun.*

The Glasses went round from one to another,
 With Four in a Hand, and made such a Pother,
 They with Smoaking and Drinking their Senses
 [did smother.]

Then the Worshipful Mayor took me by the
 [Hand,
 Saying, Zur, I presume, and do understand,

That

Dear Zur, quoth the Mayor, what Mind were they
[got in ?

A parcel of Rogues, they'll be Hang'd for their Plotting :
Besides, let me tell ye, it is of Concern,
If the Bridge is Blown up, the Houses will burn.
Plotters, Destroyers, the Devil may Rot um,
They'll fire the Wooll-Sacks that lie at the Bottom.

Then went a Health round to his Worship's good
[Lady,

To the 'Squire his Son, that pretty sweet Baby ;
Which done, they soon started another Discourse,
Concerning Cork-Shoes and the Party of Horse,
But the Vicar approach'd in Canonical Robe,
Tatter'd and Ragged, an Emblem of Job,
He led on the Van of a mighty great Train
Of Aldermen's Wives, that were Hot in the Brain ;
To bring up the Rear, the Mayoress came after,
For she halted some time to scatter her Water ;
No more of Cork-Shoes, this ended the matter. }

Thus the Vicar began, with Learned Oration,
To state out the Case of the Church and the Nation ;
I never like Men which carry two Faces ;
They're like unto Mules, half Horses, half Asses ;
They're Hetrogenus, and unfit to Breed on,
Nor worthy the Meat or Drink that they Feed on ;
Or like London Scullers, the more is the pitty,
That Look at White-Hall, and Row to the Citty :

And

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*And must such Men as these I mention be Chosen,
Whose Hearts are a Melting, and whose Tongues are*
[Frozen;

Decriped and Old, their Vigour is gone :

*What say you, good Women, are you for Sir John?
Or his Worship the 'Squire, who broke his Wife's Nose,
And abandons her Bed, and will buy her no Cloaths;
Nay, he beat his Cook-Maid for Kissing in Lent;
Shall Sir John or the 'Squire to London be sent?
I advise the contrary, and so does my Clerk,
And our Neighbour the Farmer that dwells in the Park:
What think ye of Choosing Sir Christopher Prim?
He's a Proper Young Man, give your Voices for him;
And Sir Pimlico Court-all, to tell you the Truth,
He's a Noble, a Sprightly, and Generous Youth:
So he is, says a Woman, upon my dear Life;
Tho' I am but Poor, and a Cobler's Wife,
As he pass'd down the Street, though I thought he had*
[miss'd me

*He Smilingly came, and Obligingly Kiss'd me;
He always has been to my Husband a Friend,
He sent him an Old Pair of Boots for to Mend;
And the very first time he came to the Town,
For a Pair of Heel-Pieces he gave him a Crown,
For which very reason you well may suppose,
I'll do what I can that he may be Chose,
And Curse of all them that do him Oppose.*

*Then Mrs. May'refs did an Occasion
To belch forth, with Hiccups, her Female Oration,*

Neighbour

*Neighbour Jordan, said she, I plainly do tell ye,
My Husband one time kick'd me on the Belly,
Because that I aver'd, that Sir Pimblico Prim
Was a Generous Gentleman, Gallant and Trim :
I suppose that his Worship, my Lie-by, is Jealousie,
Because that he catch'd him with me at an Ale-House ;
Be it so ; be it not ; I care not a Fart,
He shall give him his Vote, or I'll tear out his Heart.*

*Thus Alderman Pinch-Belly's Wife did begin
To give her Advice, first cocking her Chin,
Neighbours, said she, then clinching her Fist,
They're gallant Young Gentlemen zure as e'er Pist :
Sir John and the 'Squire zure never shall have
A good Word from me, nor the Vote of my Slave :
If fumbling Wife-Beaters to London are sent,
For want of Young Men, then I'll be content
That my Husband be Chose ; his Qualifications,
And Title's as good as most in the Nation.*

The Women then swore, by the Truncheon of
[Mars'

*That if any Old Cuckold should hang back an Arse,
And not give his Vote for such gallant Young Men
That cou'd pleasure the Women again and again,
They'd Drub the Old Hides of such Cuckoldly Coxcombs,
Make Scoops of their Shanks, like those made of*
[Ox Bones ;

*Bore Holes in their Skulls, and cut off their Tails,
And turn them a-drift to the Mountains of Wales.*

*Says
Rathar
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Amen,*

Says the Worshipful *Mayor*, and Alderman *Tanner*,
Rathar than treated we'll be in this manner,
To keep our Skins whole, and preserve our dear Lives,
We both will submit, and agree with our Wives.
The rest said the same, and swore they wou'd do it.
Amen, says the *Clerk* and *Vicar* unto it.

A
L E T T E R
T O H I S
Kinsman, Mr. *W. B.*

*Me Fortuna Rotæ extrema sub Parte locavit
si libet hanc Tabulam despice Major ero.*

S I R,

I Presume, that the above Distick may be very applicable to my present Circumstances; for when I had the Honour to see you last, Dame *Fortune* had reduced me to the lowest Spoke of Extremity, she knit her Brows, and contracted her Forehead into Wrinkles, insomuch that in her Face appear'd all the Symptoms and Surly marks of ill-Humour: But she having somewhat refresh'd herself with soft Repose, there appears now a more mild and gentle Temper. Though I can't as yet obtain a Smile from her, yet she has been pleas'd to place me at the Stern of her Chariot;

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Chariot; but it moves so slowly, and I at too great a Distance from the Horses, and my Whip too short to reach them, which gives me to believe, that it will be an Age before my proper Spoke can be advanced one Degree higher, unless some Considerate Friend will smite the Beasts, and make the motion swifter.

It's true, Dame *Hope* has buz'd your Name in my Ear, and buoy'd me up with Expectation, that you will not forget me when an Opportunity shall serve; my Will, till then, shall be subservient to my Reason, and give a Bill of Divource to *Discontent*, and endeavour to satisfy my self with what my Stars have decreed.

I cannot divine what the *Fates* have in Store for me, but I hope 'tis something Extraordinary; for Poets, I must own, commonly fancy themselves to be Rich and Wise, when (in reality) they are otherwise. Upon a second Thought, I wish I mayn't be Born under the same Planet with Don *Quixot*, whose Knightarrantship's Noddle fancy'd *Windmills* to be *Ladies*, the *Sails* to be *Furbelow'd Petticoats*, and the Ports of *Enterance* the *Center of Happiness*.

I have often thought to Consult the Oracle of our *London Predictors*; but now (to my Comfort) those Fancies are evaporated, since my Landlady told me they were a Pack of *Deluding, Maid Conzening, Prentice Trapanning, Fool Catching Rascals*; nay, in short, she now entertains no good Opinion of any of them, except Dr. *Patridge*, to whom she ascribes the Title of *Pam*, or the *Knave of Clubs*.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I only wish my self now in the Country, with a Bottle of your *Stafford-Ale* in one Hand, and a Glas in the other, and a *Lawyer* ready with his *Callamus & Atramentum*, to assign over part of some-Body's Estate to me and my Heirs for ever, then should I be happy, leave off Scribbling, and acknowledge my self for ever,

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

And Kinsman,

T. R.

A

A
L E T T E R

F R O M A N

Engineer in *FLANDERS*

T O H I S

Mistress in *L O N D O N*.

Madam,

THIS is now the fourth time I have summon'd you to Write me an Answer to my former Epistles. I am now set down before the strong Town of *Tournay*. I believe it will rob us of a great deal of Time, Men, and Money, before we can be possess'd of that Fortrefs: Nevertheless, you may assure your self, as soon as it falls into our Hands, I shall make bold to lay close Siege to your Cittadel, howsoever Fortified.

If you have ten thousand Charms I have as many Compliments at my Command: I am a Man of Honour, and so much Generosity, as to let you know

know on which Side I shall attack you, though contrary to the Rules of War. If I break Ground the first Night, though it be with the Expence of some Blood, I shall value that no more than a *Templer* does an *Oyster-Woman*, or an *Hackny-Writer* does Engrossing *Bills* at Nine Pence *per Skin*. If I have but the good Luck, when I attack the Horn-Work of your Stays, as not to suffer a Repulse, I shall then, with more Courage, place my *Digites* upon your two *Demi-Bubblynes*, which will enable me to force the Counterescarp of your *Hoop-Petticoat*; Batter the *Stockades* of your *Gambrils*, the *Pallisades* of your *Toes*; make a Breach in your *Curtell* with my *Cul-verin*; pass your *Foffee* o'er the *Gallery* of your *Affections*; force you to Beat a *Chamade of Love*, and yield your self a Prisoner at my Discretion.

T. C.

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THE TRIANGULAR INFECTION.

THere is three sorts of Vermin that Infect our Troops Abroad, viz. the *Regimental-Doctors*; the *Clerks*, and the *Corporals*.

The *Doctors* are commonly such as have serv'd a Year or two to *Glister-Pipe*, *Blum-Peeping Apothecaries*, but being weary of using the *Pestle* and *Mortar*, or Grating of *Rubarb*, (for they are generally possess'd with as much of the Spirit of *Idleness* as a *Spaniard*) or, perhaps, some of them having contracted a Dram or two too much of *Familiarity* with their Female Fellow Servants, are forced to slip aside, and move their Bodies with an *Actio Voluntatis, et Necessitatis*, or an *Habeas Corpus* to *Flanders*; and when there, set in Defiance the *Overseers* of the Parish, and value a Justice of the Peace's Warrant (which shall direct to take him up, to give Security for a Little Thing about the Magnitude of a *Bastard*) no more than a *Miller* does a *Maiden-head*, or a *West-Country Clothier* a *Goose-Turd*. But if they can get to *Flanders*, all's well. They seldom fail of making Friends to be *Plaster-Spreaders* in the Hospitals; and when they have had the Opportunity of seeing half a Dozen poor Fellows Legs and Arms cut off, then,

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Forsooth,

Forsooth, they must be Dubb'd *Doctors*, when, in reality, they understand Physick to the same Perfection as a *Cat* does a *Fiddle*, or a *Scotch Nightingale* a *Bag-Pipe*.

Such *Doctors* as these, as I treat of, are generally Masters of the particular Faculty of Deceiving the Ignorant; and can Discourse, with a great deal of Assurance, of the Nature of *Turpet Mineral*, *Mercuri dulcis*, *Balsamum Capivi* &c. and their Non-parallel Oration, concerning *Astringents*, *Laxations*, *Hard-boundeditions*, *Circulations*, *Vibrations*, *Salivations*, *Excoriations*, *Scaldations*, *Urinations*, with a thousand more of these *ations* than are to be found in *Littleton's Dictionary*: They may fitly be call'd *Solimites*, because they prescribe only one sort of *Physick* for all Distempers, that's a *Vomit*.

If a Man has bruis'd his Elbow, *Take a Vomit*, says the Doctor. If you are troubled with *Corns*, take a *Vomit*. If he has torn his Coat, *Idem*. For the *Jaundice*, *Fevers*, *Flux*, *Gripes*, *Gout*, *Stone*, *Pox*; nay, even the Distempers that only the famous *Dr. Tuff* cures, as the *Hocogrucles*, *Marthambles*, the *Moon-paul*, and the *Strong-fives*, a *Vomit*, tantum.

It's true, they have an Opportunity of improving themselves; they may kill at their Pleasure, without being afraid of a *Grand-Jury*, and need not be any more in fear of a *Halter* than I am of a *New Suit of Cloaths*. Since God has bless'd us (as I hope) with a *Lasting Peace*, there will be no more Work for these *Vermin*. Therefore, I wish I could advise them, first to become *Roman-Catholicks*, and then Transport themselves to the utmost Confines of *Hungaria*, and Exercise their Art among the Enemies of the *Christian Religion*, and then they need not doubt of having a *Dispensation*, and *Plenary Indulgence Gratis*,
from

from his *Holiness*, which may make a sufficient Attonement for all the Injuries and Injustice done to their Country-men. But, on the contrary, I am very much afraid they will scatter themselves, like *Locusts*, throughout all the Corners of Her Majesty's Kingdom, the Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick upon Tweed*: Then, *Libera nos Domine*, we shall hear of nothing but destroying of People by *Vomitation*, from *Dan* even to *Bersheba*, by these *Spurious*, *In-croaching*, *Bum-Peeping*, *Tag-Rag*, *Affixatida*, *Glyster-Pipe Doctors*.

A Broken *Exciseman*, a Threadbare *Lawyer*, a *Solicitor*, a *Tally-Man*, a *Minter*, or an *Alsatian*, are excellent Qualifications to entitle a Man to be *Clerk of a Troop*; for they must, of Necessity, be Men of sharp Wit, and ripe Understanding, and must understand *Arithmetick* perfectly well; but in particular the Rule of *Multiplication*; and if there is any one among them that is qualified in the *Juggler's Art*, as out of One to make Two, out of Two to make Three, he may then be invested with the Title of *Magister Artis Clericorum*. A *Change Broker* is a meer *Tom-doodle* to him, for he only gains his single *Brokeridge*, when this *Catterpillar* is so ripe in Business, that he can get *Brokeridge* upon *Brokeridge*, and the Devil and all for All that passes through his Hands. For the Reader may take Notice, that a *Trooper* has Occasion for a great many little Utensils to fit him out to Camp, and if he has play'd the ill-Husband, then he may assure himself Mr. *Clerk* has a noble Action against him; for he's not at all aham'd, when he Pays a Debt for him, (to his Landlord) to stand hard for a bit of *Carrot*, and Bargain as Cheap as he can, telling him, *It's a long time for him to Trust till Winter*, and the *Trooper* may be Kill'd, or Die Naturally, and then, Landlord, how will you come at your Debt? It must of course be lost. However, if you'll take

So much, I'll run these hazards my self. So the *Ale-dropping Owl* is gull'd into an Opinion of loosing the Debt, and, rather than he'll stand any Hazard, or trust to the Mercy of the Balls, he suffers himself to be Noos'd, and takes what Mr. Clerk is pleas'd to give him; that, perhaps, may be three Fourths, if so, the Clerk has been too honest for this Insipid Tool of a Landlord, that had forgot it was Order'd by the Governour, that all Quarters should be Pay'd. However, the Clerk has his Fourth safe, and puts it in a Pocket by it self; for Money got this way is reserv'd for a particular Use; that is, when he can find a fit Opportunity, he'll Visit the Quarters at the Left of the Line, because he has more Money than *Honesty*. But I had like to have forgot to let you know, that the Trooper, whose Debts are so Pay'd, must allow an extravagant Interest, likewise, for the use of the Troop's Money, though stop'd Weekly from him too: He must not Grumble, for fear the Clerk should fright him with the terrible Name of *Provost*. So you see the poor *Cavilier* is served with a *Super-nideas Writ*, and forc'd to Mortgage his *Substance* till the Debt is Discharged.

They have a hundred pretty ways of catching these Gentlemen of the Horse: They have *Contingences*, *Abstract* upon *Abstract*, by which they Extract enough to Distract any one that is once got into their Debt: For if a Man don't understand *Flemmish* Accompts, or these Abstracts, perfectly well, he is Bit as sure as ever Sir *William Waller* kill'd *Wat Tyler* with a Dagger.

I hope the Reader don't mistake me, I do not accuse all Clerks in general with these unjust Actions; for, to my certain Knowledge, there is a great many Worthy and Honest Gentlemen that possess this Office;

Office; but for the most part, they are such as have a Commission, or a Warrant Tack'd to their *Clerkship*.

I wish I could perswade my Fellow Soldiers to make use of Dr. *Reason's* Eye-Water; it will clear their Eye-Sight wonderfully, (if they'll keep themselves out of Debt) otherwise they'll be forc'd to wear Spectacles in a little time, if they give Opportunity to these *Caterpillars* to devour a great part of their Subsistence to stuff their Greedy, Infatiated, Mercenary, and Brandy-swilling Paunches.

This last sort is the *Corporals*, and, I must confess, I have more Charity for them than either of the two Former. They are common such as have a great deal more *Impudence* than *Honesty*, and more *Pride* than *Money*; and cannot be rightly quallified unless they can Order a Man upon Duty when it is none of his Tour, and at the same time Dispute his own to the fourth part of a Minute; and as well skill'd in the Art of *Flattery*, as if they had been bred up at Court; Fawn upon their *Commanders* like *Spaniel Dogs*, and must not dare, in the least, to seem to Contradict their Officers Opinions in the most Reasonable and Perspicuous Matters. They must know the Age of a Horse to a quarter of an Hour, and as well by his Tail as his Teeth; either them or their Horses must be Sick, or Lame, on a *Forraging-Day*, and never Work themselves if they can perswade others to do it for them: It's likewise highly necessary that they understand Horse Physick, and, with lofty Words, Order a Trooper's Gelding a Drink or two when he Ails nothing; this he must do when he has some particular Pique against the Rider; he must Drub the Men to Prayers in the Front, and run (at the same time) himself in the Rear to the *Suttlers*, to stuff his ungodly Gut with *Geneva*, and

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must

must be diligent to watch when a *Safeguard* comes in with his Pockets well Lin'd, and must not fail of giving him the first Compliment, with, *You're Welcome to the Camp*; and, *I wish you had stay'd longer*; when at the same time this *Parasite* is more than ordinarily glad to see him, and is ready himself to hold the *Stirrup* while he Dismounts, and hurries him with Expedition to the *Suttlers*; and scorns to Order a Gentleman that's so well quallified for his Company upon any Duty, till he has Suck'd him as dry as a *Stock-Fish*, or a Bundle of *Sulpher-Primes*, and is then exempted from the fear of drilling Holes in his Pockets with the Ponderity of his *Darby*.

Then Monsieur *Corporal*, being a quick Sighted Gentleman, without the help of *Glass-peepers*, can find out his Name in the *Duty-Roll*: He may then Ride to the Devil, if he pleases, for his Money wont detard his Journey. He must have this Quallification likewise, that is, he must diligently enquire who is remiss in coming to the *Barrucks* in a Morning; for those that are wanting in that Duty he may assure himself was Drunk over Night, then he must not fail of attacking him for his Drunkest Groat, for he has a good President for it from *Corporal Dirty*.

Though he Curries his own Horse but twice in a Campaign, he must not fail of seeing the Troopers Beast kept as clean as a Lady's *Lap-Dog*. He must look upon himself to be a Man of Sense, since he's Dubb'd *Corporal*, tho' the whole Regiment knew him to be otherwise, till he had that minute the Title bestow'd upon him; he must Huff and Strut, and be possess'd with as much Vain-Glory, as ever did the Mayor of *Queenborough* when Togated, and carry'd from the Council-House, in a Chair, by a *Fisherman* and a *Thatcher*, and Huza'd by a Mob of
stinking

stinking Tarpaulins, Aldermen's Wives and Daughters.

O yes, O yes, O yes, If any Man, in City, Town, or Country, hath a Desire to become a *Corporal*, let him first take to himself a Handsome Wife, and endeavour to possess himself of these Qualifications aforesaid, and he need not doubt of being made *Under-Officer*, or *Corporal* of a Troop of Horse.

*From Doctors which prescribe their Pills,
Which never Cures, but often Kills :*

*From Clerks who do abstract our Pay,
Converting it another Way :*

*From Corporals that are Parrasites,
Who do possess their Betters Rights :*

*From all these Three per Nomine,
Libera nos O Domine.*

TICKLER:

OR THE

FAVOURITE.

MUST I be banish'd from your lovely Arms,
 And not admitted to behold your Charms?
 Must I spin out my Days in Pensive Grove,
 There tell the *Savage Herd* 'tis you Love?
 Shall I be fetter'd always with Despair,
 Or breath out your Perfections to the Air?
 Will Beauty ne'er admit of my Return,
 Or must I thus in Love for ever burn?
 Witness, ye Gods, tho' in Captivity,
 I carve your Name upon each lofty Tree,
 Shall I no more adore your Charming Brows,
 Or ne'er be suffer'd to perform my Vows?
 Have you forgot your Oaths, or have you Swore
 Never to Love, or to Admit me more?
 Or rather tell me, did you Love in Jest,
 Or is Mankind the Thing you do detest?
 Your Minion *Lap-Dog* happier is than me;
 Must he my *Rival*, and your *Fav'rite* be?

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Oh ! curst Stars that have decreed this Fate,
 That Man shou'd be the only Thing you hate.
 Base Woman-kind, give Reasons, if you can,
 Why thou shouldst love a Beast, and spurn at Man:
 If *Tickler's* from your Sight, what Noise you make,
 And Howl, and Cry, and all for *Tickler's* sake:
 When Gorg'd too much, if he refuse his Meat,
 You Simpathize with him, and cannot Eat;
 He lies upon your Lap, there Jumps and Plays,
 And Snudges down his Nose within your Stayes;
 Then springs up to your Face, there Licks and Paws,
 Whilst your fair Cheeks do press his nasty Jaws:
 He runs between your Legs, and flirts about
 His shocky Tail, then Instantly runs out.
 What freedom he enjoys with you in Bed,
 He grabbles to your Breast, you stroak his Head;
 He Sleeps within your Arms, and all your Care
 Is fled and vanish'd, if your *Tickler's* there.
 Monster in Nature, how can you repose
 With this foul four Leg'd Creature Nose to Nose?
 But stay my Muse, *Corinda* may reclaim,
 Forget her Fav'rite, hug me once again:
 If so, I'm blest'd, if not, my Hopes are vain.

Surgit Post Nubila Phæbus.

IN my Minority I thought Mankind
 A present Remedy to Ease the Mind,
 Gentle and Courteous, nay, a pretty Toy,
 In whom I thought consisted Womens Joy.
 Arriving to the Age of Ten and Three,
 I fondly wish'd some Youth wou'd fancy me:
 Then Nature plump'd my Breasts, I, over-joy'd,
 Did think my self Mature to be a Bride;
 I us'd all Arts, as other Maidens do,
 To charm the Beaus, and to allure them too:
 Sometimes I Ogled, then again was Shy,
 I Sung, I Danc'd, and all for a Decoy;
 But nothing wou'd prevail, no Man push'd on,
 Till I arriv'd to th' Age of Twenty One;
 Then came a charming Youth, who Vow'd & Swore }
 I was the only she he did adore, }
 And spoke of Joys I never heard before.

He squeez'd my Hand, whilst my soft Cheeks he
 [press'd

With softer his, and hug'd me to his Breast;
 Then cast his Arms about my slender Waste,
 And Sighing, said, *My Dear, I long to taste*
That matchless, immense Bliss, the Nuptial Joy,
That you and I shall feel in sacred Tye :

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*Then do, dear charming Soul, yield thy Consent
To be my Bride, and crown me with Content,
Since you are she on whom my Passion's bent.*

His soft Expressions did Impression make
On my warm Heart, I lov'd for loving-sake;
I found my Soul inflam'd within my Breast;
Ravish'd with Inward Blifs, supremely bless'd,
Love rode Triumphant, I with him comply'd
(Would Parents give Consent) to be his Bride.

The Youth was much afraid at first to ask,
But Love prevail'd, and he perform'd the Task:
He might as well have crav'd of Mighty Jove
To banish from his Throne the God of Love;
Or might have made himself, with equal Ease,
The Grand Commander of the Earth and Seas;
Or, *Joshua* like, have bid the Sun stand still,
Or make the Stars be subject to his Will:
My rigid Sire no Consent would give;
My Mother answer'd too i'th' Negative:
Then drown'd in Tears, most Pensively I sat,
I Sigh'd, I Sob'd, and Curs'd my cruel Fate;
And thus I spent my Time till Thirty One,
When Beauty was defac'd, and Youth was gone;
Then I became the Scorn of all Mankind,
Amongst their Sex I could no Favour find;
None cast their Eyes on me, all were afraid
To touch me, Superanuated Maid:
As Marriners avoid the Rocks and Sands,
Or conquer'd Armies fly pursuing Bands,

Or

Or as Mankind the *Basilisk* do shun,
 A *Toad*, a *Viper*, or a *Scorpion*,
 So I was thought by all their Sex the same,
 Who do detest that antiquated Name:
 The Scoffs and Jeers from Youth I did endure,
 Till *Sol* had run his Course near ten times more;
 Then all the Clouds of Hate themselves dispers'd,
Cupid struck Home, and Fortune was revers'd;
 My Planet govern'd in its proper Sphere;
 I Joy'd to find my Stars propitious were.
Cupid, that dear, and charming, Purblin'd Boy,
 Smote a kind Youth, which I embrac'd with Joy:
Hymen was kind, performing all his Rites,
 And then, O then came on the happy Nights:
 He Hug'd, he Clasp'd, and Rifled me all o'er,
 Such Joys, such Bliss, I never felt before:
 Securely in my Harbour he doth Ride,
 Whilst Love will not admit an Ebbing-Tide:
 Dear, charming Youth, he fathoms in the Deep,
 Then throws the Lead again, and so to Sleep:
 When I awake he's Anchor'd in my Arms,
 Tho' he's Repos'd, I feel some secret Charms:
 I Sigh, I Kiss, and gently rub his Eyes,
 Which rouzes him, then he compleats my Joys:
 How happy is that she which knows a Man,
 Tho' his short Life is termed but a Span;
 Yet in that little Measure still we find
 Something to Ease, and Please a Woman's Mind.

Curs'd be the times in which I was a Slave
 To Expectation, yet could nothing have:

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Oh! cruel Parents, Twenty Years ago
 You might let me have known what now I know:
 I griev'd each Night, and Daily pin'd in vain,
 Whilst cruel you my Lover did disdain:
 But now the Sweets o'th' Marriage-Bed I Taste,
 I'm happy now, since surly Clouds are past,
 And *Phæbus* Darts his Beams on me at last.

}

THE

T H E Long Vacation.

WHat dreadful grating Word is that I hear,
Which strikes my trembling Soul with Pan-
[nick Fear?

Hath Goddess *Flora* left her Rosy-Bed,
And *June* begun to shrink and hide her Head?
Are all my Pleasures past, since now comes on
The *Lawyers* Plague, the *Long-Vacation*?
Must I now pinch my Guts, by sneaking Ways,
And like a Vagrant Live for Sixscore Days?
Must I, instead of *Claret*, Guzzle *Beer*,
And, *Taylor* like, become a *Gareteer*?
Must *Watch* and *Ring* to Pawn? Shall I no more
Be blest'd, in *Drury-Lane*, with Madam *Whore*?
Must my best Suit be sent to *Monmouth-Street*,
And all my Friends from me Retreat?
Shall my penurious Patience thus be try'd,
And when I ask for Credit be deny'd?
Must *Dyer's Reports*, in Folio, go to Rack,
And Captivated be for *Toast* and *Sack*?

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(III)

Must I part with *Instructor Clericalis*,
And sell my *Institutio Legalis*,
Modus inbandi cum multisq; alijs?
Or shall I gorge, and make my self a Glutton,
Eat Cook 'on *Littleton* instead of *Mutton?*
And must those Well-Fed Jaws appear as thin
As his that's Salivated for his Sin,
And Belly hide it self e'er Term begin?
No: By my Wits I other Means will try;
Young *Templer's* Cast-off Suits to Sell and Buy;
Then I shall Live, or know the Reason why:
Or else, perhaps, I'll Filtch at *Evening-Lecture*,
Or may usurp the Name of some *Projector*;
Frequent the *Temple* where such Bites do walk,
And Buy or Sell Estates by only Talk,
And so take in some Senseless Country Putt,
With *Peck* and *Booz* to stuff my ravenous Gut:
And if that fails, my Copious Brains shall search
To find a Place where I may safely Perch.
At *Newgate*, or some other County-Goal,
And for a Crown set up for Common-Bail
For Thieves, for Rotten Bauds, or Publick Whores,
Or such as can't Discharge their Tavern Scores,
Women with Child, Shop-lifters any sort,
Or those that do to *Tally-Men* resort.
If this way will not do, I'll try another;
Forswear my self to Hang my Friend, or Brother;
Forge Bills, or Bonds, turn Bully, stand the Cuff,
Fright puny Culls by Swearing; then I'll Huff;
Marry a Servant who has Wages due,
Spend all she has, and then I'll Strip her too:
Impeach

Impeach the *Quarter-Pots* for being short,
 Then *Basket-Women* all will Thank me for't;
 Write *Grub-Street* News, or make my self a Lyar,
 By framing Subjects for the noted *Dyer*.

Thus will I Live, and never will be Sober,
 Untill the Three and Twentieth of *October*;
 The Law I'll follow then, whilst I'm a *live*,
 And Huff at all poor Fools, *dum vivo Thrivo*.

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T H E

Inhuman Mother.

DEAR Madam, in my Infancy
 You always had regard for me;
 No glittering, pretty, Childish Toy
 Was e'er deny'd to me, your Boy;
 You call'd me Child, I you *Mamma*;
 You term'd your Husband my *Pappa*;
 With *Bread* and *Butter* in my Hand
 I went to *School* at your Command;
 When Greater grown, to improve my Knowledge,
 You car'd for me at *Eaton Colledge*;
 But 'cause my Wit shou'd Pregnant be,
 You made a *Lawyer's Clerk* of me:
 My Duty was too short, I own,
 To you, when I was Riper grown;
 I ought to've ask'd your Leave when I
 Did sign the Matrimonial Tye;
 For your Consent, without all doubt,
 Had been more proper than without:
 But yet the sacred Bonds of Love,
 It's said, are Seal'd in Heaven Above;
 Then how could I Resistance make?
 I took her for the Signet's fake.

I

Had

Had *Cupid* thrown within my Arms
 A Maiden full of Golden Charms;
 Or had an Heiress been my Mate,
 And brought me to a good Estate,
 I do presume, dear Mother, you
 Had ne'er insisted on your Due,
 But had Forgave, and Bless'd us too.

My Dear *Belinda*, I confess
 Was poor, a harmless Shepherdess,
 Yet she had something in her Eyes
 That charm'd my Soul, to my surprize,
 Then who *Belinda* cou'd Despise?

Be gone! most cursed *Poverty*,
 To thy curs'd Race and Progeny;
 Center thy self on *Africk's* Shore,
 Be Scorch'd, be Burnt, be Known no more:
 Fly to the *Alpian* Hills, there dwell,
 Or let Mount *Ætna* be thy Hell:
 Let *Northern* Climate be thy Station,
 Or in some far more Barren Nation,
 Be loaded with some Massy Weight,
 To keep thee from *Belinda's* Gate,
 By deludging, or sinking thee
 I'th' Ocean, or th' *Ægean* Sea.
 Fly to the Mount'nous parts of *Wales*,
 Or dwell i'th' barren Rocks and Dales:
 I'th' unkown World do thou remain;
 Be gone! ne'er see my Face again.

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 Forgive

And thou, curs'd *Pride*, did'st bear a part
 To steal from me my Mother's Heart,
 By swelling in her Breast with Scorn
 Against a Maid from Shepherds Born.
 Base Wretch! thou told'st her I was Wed
 To nought except a Maiden-head,
 Which made my Parents to disown
 That I, their Off-spring, was their Son.
 Most cursed thing; thou root of Evil,
 Thou Off-spring of the aspiring Devil,
 Fly to some haughty Monarch's Court,
 Where those that Worship thee resort,
 Sow there thy Soul destroying Seeds,
 Which base Degeneracy breeds:
 Fly to the *South*, and there remain
 Under some Cobbler's Cloak in *Spain*;
 Or steer thy Course to *Italy*,
 There swell the Breast of *Papacy*;
 Visit the Whore of *Babylon*,
 And spur up Persecution;
 Make thy Abode, when thou'st done this;
 For ever in the deep *Abyss*.

And you, dear Mother, do forgive
 This Crime in me, and let me live;
 Draw from your Child the afflicting Rod;
 As you trust in a Pard'ning God:
 He will Obliterate greater Crimes,
 Forgive you Seven and Seventy times.

My Dear *Belinda*, Harmless she,
 Commits no Fault in Loving me,
 Witness, Oh ye Powers Above,
 It's only she I ought to love.
 Then why can't you be reconcil'd ;
 Own me your Son, and her your Child?
 Old *David* cry'd for *Absolom*,
 And lov'd a wild, rebellious Son ;
 For Joy a tender Father mourn'd,
 When from the Swine his Child return'd ;
 He Wept, and Kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
 Received him, tho' returning Poor,
 And kill'd for him the Fatted Beast,
 And made his Wellcome Son a Feast,
 And with a loving tender Voice,
 Did bid his Friends with him rejoyce :
 But if your Love's to me revers'd,
 Be Mute, don't let me be 'accurs'd
 By she that bore me ; how can you
 Deny your Love, and Blessing too?
 But yet, if neither I can gain,
 Nor one kind Look from you obtain,
 Or Parent's Favour on me shine,
 Yet still *Belinda* shall be mine :
 I'll hug my self in what I've done,
 If I am Spurious, I'm your Son.

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T H E Q U A C K.

MY Name is Don *Paracelsus de Curiandi*, I Live at the Sign of the *Pestle and Morter* in *Glister-Pipe-Lane*, near *Bolus-Alley*; my Business, in this famous Nation, is to let my Fellow Christians know the excellent Quallifications of my Medicines, which I Sell to the Rich, but Give away Gratis to the Poor.

Imprimis, Is there any Old Women amongst you, who are trouble with the *Pimple-Pamplins*, whose Skin is too short for their Bodies, that they cannot Sleep for Farting. See, here is my *Antipamphastick Powder*; or my *Sovereign Carminick*, which discharges *Ventiferous Humours*, of what kind soever, and will reduce you to soundness of Body in the Twinkling of a *Hobby-Horse*.

Then see, here is my *Balsamum Stobule Swordum*, or an Oyntment that's good against all Cuts, green or canker'd Wounds. Now, suppose any Honest Man amongst you has Hurt, or Cut himself with either *Sword*, *Gun*, or *Musket*, *Spit*, *Jack*, or *Grid-Iron*, *Glass-Bottle*, or *Pint-Pot*, by the Help and Application of this my Celebrated *Balsam*, they are immediately cur'd, without giving themselves the Trouble of sending for an Illiterate Surgeon, who will

fooner cleanse their Pockets of its Money, than the Wounds of its Infection.

Then here is my *Unguentum Cataphon*; or, an Oyntment that's good against all *Strains*, *Sprains*, or *Bruises*. Now, suppose any honest Farmer amongst you has Strain'd, or Sprain'd his *Legs*, *Arms*, or *Ancles*, by over Lifting himself at a *Gate-Post*, or *Barn-Door*, *Dung-Pot*, or *Cart-Wheel*, or has got a Fall from a *Hay-Rick*, or a *Barley-Mow*, by the Application of this my *medicating Unguent*, being properly us'd by Friction, and by the Hand of a Maid of Fifteen, you need not doubt a Cure, my Life to an *Aple-Pye*.

Then, Gentlemen, see here is my *Purandos Tan-
kapon Tolos*, that is to say, in the *Arabian Language*, *The Wonder working Pills*. The excellent Quality of which is hardly known, even to my self: But I can assure you, they are good against all *Sanguine*, *Melancholly*, *Phlegmatick*, or *Cholerick Humours*: They are *Sudorific*, *Cathartic*, *Specific*, *Amaradulcic*, *Abster-
gic*, *Mundific*, and *Apperiatric*.

They Purge the Brain from all *Craffc*, *Cloudifying Humours* which obstruct the Senses of all *Superannuated-Maids*. They immediately perform an Articulation of *Dislocated Junctions*. They make the *Curatick*, *Directic*, and the *Directic*, *Indirectic*, in their Lives and Conversations. They cause the Old to appear Young, the Young, Handsome, the Handsome, Witty.

Take Three of these Pills in a Morning, *Jejuno Stomacho*, with Two Quarts of *Aqua Gruellis*, to force an Operation, by an immediate Evacuation, and you'll possess a perfect Deliveration for all Inordinate Motions of the Mind, as *Trepidity*, *Anger*, *Melancholly*, *Mistrust*, or the like. They

They immediately dissipate the Spirit of *Jelousie* in Young or Old. Now, suppose any Person, here present, is troubled with this grievous, and tormenting Distemper, and fancies his Wife to be what she is, or what she really may not be, let him take Five of these Pills, as my Printed Paper shall give Directions, and attend the Operation, and if he has a just Occasion it will give him just Five Stools, if on the contrary, it will have no more Operation upon him than the like Quantity of *Sugar-Candy*.

These wonderful Pills Strengthen the *Nerves*; Cleanse the *Urinal-Passages*, and Purge the *Stomach* from all Distempers got by Crude, Raw, and Undigested Meats. In fine, There is no Distemper of the Body whatsoever, but what these Pills will entirely eradicate, tho' it lies lurking in the Mass of Blood.

I shall say no more at present, only let you know, that now is your time to furnish your selves with my Medicines. The Price of them is small, tho' the Operation wonderful.

I am none of those Fellows that set an extravagant Value upon themselves, meerly because they Ride upon *Spotted-Horses*, and express themselves in ridiculous, and unintelligible Terms to amuse the Vulgar; but I am the Famous Don *Paracelsus* who, for several Years, have been known in this famous City: And because I will encourage you to Buy, here is my *Antipamphastick Powder*; my *Balsamum Stobule Swordum*; my *Unguentum Cataphon*; together with my *Purandos Tankapon Tolos*, and all for the Price of Six-Pence. My Medicines have made themselves and me famous throughout *Asia, Africa, Europe, and America*.

It was I that Cured *Prestor John's Juggler's Wife's* Waiting Gentlewoman of a *Fistula* in her Elbow, of which she Dy'd.

It was I that prevented the Old Woman, at *Exeter*, from running Head-long into a *Wine-Cellar*.

It was I that Cured the *Morocco* Embassador of a *Lapsa Lingua*.

It was me, and only me, that Cured the *French* Dancing-Man, at *Amsterdam*, of the *Consumption* in his Pockets.

I am as well known in the *Terra Incognita* as in any part of *Europe*, where I perform'd an excellent Cure upon Captain *Nonsuch*, Commander of the *Nonnomen-Galley*, who had a *Cannon-Ball* lodg'd in his Little-Finger. Likewise the *Carpenter* of the same Ship, who had swallow'd a *Handspike*.

I Resided, for several Years, in the Great City of *Moskow*, where, by my Internal Medicines, and by my External, and Manual Operations, I became more Famous among them, than ever the Learned *Talicotius* was among the Inhabitants of the Deserts of *Arabia*; for which Reasons the Learned University of that City was pleas'd to bestow this Distich in favour of me.

Tantagoros thetom, Phylsophia grandila Moskow,
Stanstephon Physica Musica Artibus Killcow.

Before I conclude my Discourse, I must let you know, that I Understand, and can Read the Language of the *Stars*, and that I Resolve all manner of Lawful Questions, and am profound in *Physognomy*,
and

and *Palmistry*, and that I am commenc'd Master of the *Mathematicks*, *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Algebra*, *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, and *Plain-Sailing*.

Gentlemen, and Fellow Christians, my Hours are from Six till Seven, from Seven till Eleven, and from Eleven all Day.

I.

*Here Men of great Sense,
At a little Expence,
May furnish themselves with a Packet;
Or if any one's Poor,
That has been with a Whore,
For Six-Pence he need not to lack-it.*

II.

*Though Money be scant,
Yet Physick you'll want,
If ever you come into Danger:
Then Beaus come and Buy it,
Prove, Judge, and Try it,
Or privately come to my Chamber.*

A
L E T T E R
To his FRIEND
Nich. Robinson.

THis is to let thee know, dear, honest *Nich*,
That I, your Friend, have been most grievous
[Sick,

Not only so, but very Lame to Boot,
Occasion'd by a Bullet in my Foot :
Four tedious Weeks I've pass'd in tiresome Bed,
With Body full of Pain from Foot to Head,
And yet, in all that time I ne'er cou'd see
My Friend *Nich. Robinson* to Comfort me :
But you are like the rest of Human-kind,
Who hearing Friends are Sick, then they'll be Blind.

Thus I by you no more was thought upon,
Than e'er was *Robin Hood* by *Prestor John* :
My rude Disease was neither *Plague* or *Pox*,
Nor had I in my Room *Pandora's Box* ;

Neither

Neither am I a *Basiliſk* become,
 Nor *City-Serjeant*, or a *Country-Bum*;
 Then why ſhou'd you my poor Apartment ſhun?
 Tell me the Reason, *Nich*, what might it be?
 I hope it was not Ghastly Poverty:
 If ſo, you Simpathize with poorer me.
 Tho' Credit's Sick, Love may be kept Alive,
 And when our Agents come it will revive.
 I hope, dear Friend, you're not by Love betray'd
 To *Dutch* built Madam, or to *Flemmiſh* Maid,
 So make an Off'ring of your time to one
 Who, if Enjoy'd, you'd better let alone:
 Or elſe do you, in this our Fighting Age,
 Employ ſome Killing Muſe to pleaſe the Stage;
 Or is't your Study, by ſome Tragic Rhimes,
 To Curſe your Landlord, or to Stab the Times?
 You're never to be found, where do you Dine,
 With *Humphry* Duke, or with th' Inſpiring Nine?
 I Poverty's th' Caſe, or Fates are cruel,
 Come Dine with me, your Friend, on *Water-Gruel*.

I rather do believe you're taken up
 With Boon Companions who hug the Cup,
 Which robs you of your Time; but come to me,
 Thou *Bachinalian* Slave, I'll Drink with thee:
 We'll fill our Bellies with Heroick Verſe,
 And all the Works of *Hudibras* rehearſe:
 We'll talk of Actions done at *Hellicon*,
 Of *Sancho Pancho*, or Sir *Quixot* Don;
 Of *Ned Ward*'s Comick Works, or of *Tom Brown*,
 And all the Toaſted Bards about the Town.

But

But if you wont with me one Can partake
 Cause I am Poor; come for the Muses sake.
 Remember me to honest Townsman *Will*,
 To *Perry*, *Royston*, and to *Dormer Phill*,
 And other Friends too tedious here to Name,
 And let them know your Friend is very Lame.
 Though Lame in Foot, and Lazy with his Hands,
 Yet he'll Obey both theirs and your Commands,
 And does remain your Servant, *Thomas Rands*. }

T H E

THE
Midwife's Judgment
Best APPROVED.

AT Christ'ning Feast some Criticks met of late,
And held a high Dispute, and great Debate,
Great Polliticks they were, and understood
To make a good Cause bad, and bad Cause good :
But one among the rest, a Man of Sense,
Famous for Rhet'rick, Wit, and Eloquence,
The Question put, and ask'd what sort of Food
Was best to Eat t' advance the Publick Good ?
Then having done, he re-assum'd his Chair,
With Ear intent, their Sentiments to hear.

One started up, and wav'd about his Hand,
A proper Motion Silence to command :
Most noble Wits, said he, let's Mutton Eat,
T' encrease th' Exchequer Stock, the best of Meat ;
By which we shall encourage Abel's Trade,
Who was the first of harmless Shepherds made :

'Twill

*'Twill make the Weaver Sing when at his Loom,
 And Clothiers Reeling from the Tavern come;
 The Taylor and his Wife will ever pray
 For Mutton Eaters, to their Dying Day:
 'Twill keep the greasie Comber out of Goal,
 And Manufacturies will never fail.
 Thus having spent the Judgment of his Brain,
 He made a Bow, and sat him down again:*

*Another then stood up, a Man of Sense,
 And made a low and graceful Reverence.
 Most learned Sirs, said he, I think we must,
 If we are true t'th' Crown, and Nation just,
 Eat nothing else but Beef, the best of Food,
 T' advance the Crown, and Britain's common good:
 Laborous Oxen Plow the Fertile Fields,
 Which does produce Bread-Corn, and Barley yields:
 The Saddler, Tanner, Cobbler, each begin
 A Song, each Day, t'th' Praise of Ox's Skin;
 The Horns of this brave Beast is us'd, and good
 To light a Cuckold Home to his spurious Brood:
 A certain King, of blessed Memory,
 Knighted his Loins to all Posterity:
 Let Beef then be our Food, I hold it proper,
 To break our Fasts, for Dinner, or for Supper:
 Ye Men of Sense, said he, you must allow
 My Sentiments most just, then made a Bow.*

*A Woman started up, well worn with Age,
 Yet by her Calling she is termed Sage;*

A Chir'ping Gossip, Midwife by Profession;
She crav'd to speak, they granted her permission.

Most learned Men, said she, then lick'd her Gums,
A Pudding is most proper, stuff'd with Plumbs;
For India gives her Spices, and Old-Spain
Allows her Raisins, Britain gives her Grain;
Good Cream and Eggs, with Indian Rice,
With Marrow, Ginger, Nutmeg, Sugar, Spice,
With these Ingredients there's quickly fram'd
A noble Composition, Pudding nam'd:
What immense Treasures do these Spices bring,
And Fruit its Customs to Great Britain's King?
This Money pays our Armies to advance
Britannick Glory, and to lessen F——:
If Armies are Victorious, then they bare
A mighty part, who Pudding Eaters are.
What shall I say, Physicians hold it's good
To purge, and cleanse, and purify the Blood.
This glorious Composition may be seen
At th' Royal Table of Great Britain's Queen:
Dukes, Lords, and Earls, and Ladies all agree
It is no Feast without its Company:
A Silver Dish is by the Pudding plac'd,
And near my Lady's Hand in honour plac'd;
All view the Object, and they Long to Taste.
Its Composition Eggs will please the Bride,
And spur the Fumbler lying by her Side:
And each beholds with eager Eyes untill
The Grace is over, then they take their fill:

*It grac'd the Dish when Whole, but all the Guest
 Do like it better Cut, probatum est.
 Pudding! England's Glory! Friend to such an one
 Whom Age has left no Teeth to pick a Bone;
 Good Bak'd, good Boil'd, and fit for Kings if Fry'd;
 For Lords and Ladies, all the World beside;
 Cousin to Custard, Cheese-Cake's eldest Brother;
 Heroick Cock thy Father, Cow thy Mother.
 Surely thy Inventer's bless'd, he ought to have
 Immortal Praise to Crown him in the Grave.*

*She having done, these mighty Men of Sense
 Yielded to Pudding chief Preheminence.*

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RAMBLE

THROUGH THE

CAMP.

MY Misfortunes having thrown me into *Flanders*, I was resolv'd not to return to *England* till such time as I had satisfy'd my Curiosity with the Sight of a Camp. I being then at *Ghent*, and the Camp of the Allies at *Meldar*, I was advis'd to go by the Way of *Brussels* and *Lovain*.

In order to accomplish my Design, I took a Place in the *Post-Waggon*, and set Out next Morning. My Company I had with me, in this *Flemish-Caravan*, was a *Jesuit*, a *Parish-Priest*, a *Quisiel*, an *Inn-keeper*, and an *Old-Lady*: Our *Driver* Whip'd his Cattle briskly on along the Causeway, which made our Bodies Dance like *Peas* in a *Pot*, and we had about as much Ease as he that's Roll'd down a Hill in a *Hogshead*: With a very little Pleasure, and much Jolting, we came to *Alost*, where the Women had Occasion to evacuate by the Way of Urine, and the

K

Men

Men to Corroborate their Bodies with Wine. Passing about a League beyond *Alost*, we came to a Gallows, the Sight of which caus'd Tears to gush from the Eyes of the *Old-Lady*; I demanded the Reason: She told me, ' That an Old Neighbour of hers, a Carpenter by Trade, was travailing along that Road; that a Gentleman was found Dead, and that the Carpenter was taken up upon Suspicion of the Murder, and that he was Try'd and Condemn'd for the same, and Hang'd upon that very Gallows; and, that after his Body had been expos'd to the Air Six or Eight Days, his Daughter went, with humble Devotion, to *Notre Dame de Gemblours*, to Pray to that blessed Image, that her Father's Soul might be releas'd from the Flames of Purgatory; and while she was making Intercession for the same, the Image put forth its Hand, and becken'd to the Maid to draw near, and then spoke to her, saying, *I have heard thy Prayers; and the Innocent shall not suffer: Go to the Magistrates and tell them I sent you, and that your Father is not Dead, but Liveth.* The Maid did accordingly, and the Magistrates, with several Hundreds of People, came to the Gallows, and call'd to the Carpenter, who answer'd, *here I am; the blessed Virgin hath delivered me from Death, and the Flames of Purgatory:* Then they immediately put up a Ladder, and he came down among them, and went directly to return Thanks to *Notre Dame* for this miraculous way of preserving him. The *Jesuite* affirm'd the same, which put the *Quisiel* into an odd sort of an Extasie, but she was presently recover'd by the help of a Dram of *Nants*.

After some more Jolting and Jogging against each other, we arriv'd at *Brussels*, where I observ'd a great many diverting Fancies, too tedious to insert here; but if your Patience will admit of it, I shall relate one; which take as follows. Whilst

Whilst we were in that City, I was Gaping in the Street, I saw a Man in a Blue Cloak, with a broad Gold-Lace about the Cape, and thought at first, by his making Grimaces, and screwing himself into a strange sort of Posture, that he was going to Dance an Antick, but I was quickly undeceiv'd, when I saw him let down his Cover-Buttocks, and expose his Stern, as a new Marry'd Woman does her Wedding-Ring, to Publick View. No sooner had that sweet Scented Gentleman, Mr. *Dung*, drop'd, smoaking Hot, from his Posteriors, but up came Three or Four *Strout Draugers*, or Fellows with *Wheel-Barrows*, and made a damnable Noise and Quarrelling about it, each claim'd it as his own: One Man, I observ'd, said, *He saw it first*; another alledg'd, *That it was in his Liberty, and that the Man was his Neighbour*; a third affirm'd, *That he had been a Free-Man of the Company above Twenty Years, and that it was his by Priority*; a fourth swore by St. Peter's Keys, *That he wou'd have it, Nolens Volens, by Force of Arms*: So the Shovels went to Work, and in this mighty Scuffle they beat down the Man into One of their One-Wheel'd *Dung-Carts*, which foully besmeer'd his Azure Cover Coat, and as he was endeavouring to recover himself, he stumbld against a Shovel, and fell directly into another up to his Elbows, then he was ten times worse than before, but having gain'd a little Breath, he, with undaunted Courage, attack'd all the Four with his Fists about their Faces, which put them under the same Circumstances with himself: How they parted I can't tell, for the Coach waited, in which I Wheel'd to *Lovain*, and from thence, next Day, to the Camp at *Meldar*. No sooner was I come there, but I met with an Old Acquaintance of mine, belonging to the *Engliss* Horse, who invited me to his Tent, and promis'd to shew me the Camp from Right to Left; accordingly I made my Aboad with him in his *Canvas*

Apartment; we Drank heartily till *Sol* had just withdrawn himself from this Hemisphere; then I heard a terrible Noise, which they said proceeded from the Mouth of a Cannon; and all on a sudden yet a more greater, occasion'd by Silver Mouth Squeakers, and Calve-Skin Fiddles; I thought then the Army had been attack'd, which put me into such a Consternation, that I was just upon the Brink of being in a worse Condition than the Man with his Blue Cloak, till my Friend told me, it was only setting the Watch. Watch and Ward too by your selves thought I, I wish I were with my Grand-Mother again.

What I further observ'd was this, when it was time for us to go to Sleep, because I was a Stranger, the Gentlemen which were Comrades to my Friend, were willing to shew me a particular Favour, and with a multiplicity of Compliments, assign'd me that part of the Tent, for my Lodging, which they call the Parlour, and as near as I can guess, it was about the Magnitude of a *Hog-Trough*; what I had under me was *Straw*, and that none of the Cleanest; yet I can assure you, it was Trod as small as *Chaff*, which render'd it soft; in this Bed I lay'd my self down (being cover'd with an Old Ragged Cloak) with as much Content as a tir'd *Ass*, and there Slept till Morning: Then I awak'd, and opening the Cover-lids of my Peepers, I look'd through the Canvas Sky-Light, and perceiv'd that *Sol* had bless'd the Earth with his Presence, I then call'd to my Friend, and told him it was time to Unkennel, and desired him to make ready to accompany me from the Right to the Left of the Lines, which he readily perform'd, and we began as follows.

The

The first we came at was the *Scotch* Dragoons, who, though so soon in the Morning, we found Drinking *Geneva*, and Dancing *Gillicronchy* to the Hum of the *Bag-pipe* as Merry as *Beggers*. Then we proceeded to the *Irish*, whom we found were just going to Prayers, but were intercepted by a *Suttler's* Cart, which arriv'd in the Interim Loaded with *Potatoes*, and put the *Chaplain*, together with the whole Regiment, into such a Consternation, that they banish'd the Thoughts of Supplication immediately. They beheld the Cart with Admiration: *Hara, my Shoul*, says one, *it be a declips of de Shun*. No, says another, *but it is a Contellashon*. *That's a Mistake*, says a third, *a bou it is what I have seen in my nown Country, for it is Potatooe, and de be very Sheap in my Country; my Fader was a Farmer, he send me to de Market to Shell dem, where I Shold dem for noting, and not dat nider*.

Then proceeding to the Troopers, we saw them as busie as *Bees*, some Cooking the Pots, others 'Cleaving of Wood; some Drinking, some Smoaking, others Building of *Barrucks* for their Horses, as if they intended, like the *Israelites*, to dwell in Camp Forty Years.

Then we pass'd by the *Hanoverian* Horse, whom we perceiv'd were much in the same Posture: But all of a sudden I was somewhat startled at the Sight of a *Hussar* on Horse-back; I thought at first it had been a Centaure, but comming nearer to me, I found him to be a Man, and I thought he was going to act the Part of *Scarramouch*. A little farther, in the Front of the Foot, I saw a poor Soldier Hang'd for Stealing a Pair of Old Shoes and a Linnen Frock from a Boor.

After

After we had pass'd Eight or Ten Regiments more we saw a *Partizan* coming into Camp with a great Drove of *Oxen* and *Sheep*, with some *Horses*, I asked were he had them, and was answer'd, *from the Country*. Oh! says I, he will certainly be Hang'd. No, no, says my Friend, he has a Commission for what he does. Has he so? said I, then he may Thieve at his Pleasure.

So, to tell you the Truth, we made little Observation till we came to the Head Quarters of the *Hollanders*, of which we shall endeavour to give a short Description.

The first Street that we enter'd, my Friend told me was called *Buckey de Cook-Street*, where there was such a nautious Stink of *Buckey* and *Oily-Cooks*, that I thought my self at least in a *Tallow-Chandler's Melting-House*: It was averse to my *English* Constitution to stay there any longer; so we moved to another called *Ram-Alley*, where we were worse plagu'd than before, for the *Ladies-of-Pleasure* stood Clicking at their Tent Doors, like the *Shoemakers* in *Turn-Style*, and, because I was thought a Stranger, they Haul'd and Pull'd me as bad as the *Water-Men* does a *Country-Man*, at the *Temple Stairs*. Musick, such as it was, I perceived was in every Tent, but so confus'd, that I thought it nothing less than a Consort of Jangling. The Dancing was not much unlike to it; for how should it be otherwise, for all the time I was in that Country, I never heard of a *Dutch Dancing-Master*, which encourag'd an Acquaintance of mine, a *French Maitre de Dancé*, to try his Fortune at *Amsterdam*, but he was soon forced to quit that Place, and leave his Fiddle with his Landlady to discharge his Lodging; and at his Return he express'd himself thus, *Begar, de be de Divil; de no Dancé de Mode; de Caper like de Cow; de course de*

Minuit

Minuit come de Poland Bear ; per Bleu me no like dem.
But pardon this Digression.

We mov'd forward, still resolving to see all we cou'd, till we came to another Street, which was compos'd of *Coffee-Tents*, *Gaming-Tents*, and *Tents* for those in Commission to Carress their Mistresses in: Then we pass'd through Rows, Streets, and Alleys, full of all sorts of Commodities, as *Shoes*, *Stockings*, *Grocery-Wares*, *Herbs*, *Flesh*, *Fish*, and what not; but being tired here, we went into the Rear-Line, and walk'd towards the Right again. At length we saw a great heap of Tents, I ask'd what Place that was, my Friend told me it was the *Weigh-House*; so my curiosity led me to see it; this I found was the Grand Wholesale-Market, where the *Hollanders* scrap'd together the Ready-Money of the Army. *Bacon*, *Cheese*, and *Butter*, I saw was a good Commodity here; the Sight of which put me in Mind of *England*, but I could not find any of those Commodities from that Nation, though I offer'd an Extravagant Price for them. Here I saw People of all Nations Drinking *Geneva* and *Brandy* by Wholesale: Here was *Hans Mogen* swallowing *Cooks* by the same: Here I perceiv'd was all sorts of Commodities vended by the Gross, and *Ladies-of-Pleasure* by Wholesale too, and at reasonable Rates. Being almost tired, and fatigued with walking, we pass'd through the *Brandenburgh* Line of Horse, who were preparing for a Review. I must let you know, that all of them wear Whiskers, and those of them that were Naturally of any other Colour except Black, the *German Ball* was apply'd to render the Artificial Concordant with the Natural.

Finding nothing more worthy of Observation here, we cross'd to the Front-Line again, and going into the Rear of General *Wood's* Regiment we were
Merry

Merry all Night. Next Day being a Re-view, the English Horse, I observ'd, was Equip'd, in the Front of their Bodies, with Martial-Dubblts, forg'd by *Kulcan*; the *Hanovers*, *Lunenburs*, and *Brandenburgs*, all in great Order; at the Sight of which I began to Tremble, and thought a Battle must consequently ensue; and not being willing to Expose my Body to the Balls, or my Eyes to behold so bloody an Action, I very fairly mov'd my self out of Danger, and, without taking Leave of my Friend, I tram-poes'd to *Ghent* again, where I receiv'd a Letter at my Lodging, which gave me an Account that my God-Mother was Dead, and had made me Heir of all that she was never possess'd of herself: So I left that Fighting Climate, and return'd back safe to my Native Country.

*Though Poets oft are seen in Writing,
Yet they seldom care for Fighting;
For let me tell ye, Men of Sense
Against such Actions have pretence
All Men (say they) 're not born to Fight,
Some for the Field, and some to Write.
Then, 'cause I hated Martial Men,
I left 'em, and embrac'd the Pen,
The Quart, the Pot, the Glass, my Friend,
To enjoy my self, so there's an End.*